National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

VOL. XII. NO. 2. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1851. WHOLE NO. 574.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. Terms, TWO DOLLARS per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & brother, printers.—Thursday, June 5, 1851.

Selections.

SPEECH OF DANIEL WEBSTER, AT BUFFALO.

Mr. WEBSTER delivered his speech which he was invited to make, this afternoon, Thursday, May 22, in the Park, in the midst of a rain storm, which drenched every person who was in attendance, ladies and all, of whom there were at least one hundred on the platform. It poured in torrents during the whole time; but, nothing daunted, Mr. W. continued till he had said all he wanted to say. He spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens of the City of Buffalo: I am very glad to see you—I meet you with pleasure. It is not the first time, fellow citizens, that I have been in Buffalo; and I have always come to it with pleasure. It is a great distance from my own home. I am thankful that circumstances have enabled me to be here again, and I regret that untoward events deprived me of the pleasure of being here when your distinguished fellow citizen, the President of the United States, came among you, and received from you, as he deserved, not only a respectful but a cordial welcome. The President of the United States has been a resident among you for more than half his life. He has represented you in your State and national councils. You know him and all his relations, both public and private; and it would be bad taste for me to say anything of him, except that I wish to say, with some degree of emphasis, that, since my connection with him in the administration of the Government of the United States, I have fully concurred with him in all his great and leading measures, from the fact that I have been one of his council. But I do not wish to let it rest on that presumption; I wish to declare that the principles of the President, as declared in his annual message, his letters, and all documents and opinions which have proceeded from him, or been issued by his authority, in regard to the great question of the times—that all these principles are my principles; and if he is wrong in them, I am, and always will be (applause). Gentlemen, it has been suggested that it would be pleasant and agreeable to the citizens of Buffalo, and their neighbors in the county of Erie, that I should state to you my opinions, such as they are, on the present condition of the country, its prospects, its hopes, and its dangers; and, fellow citizens, I hope to do that, this day and this hour, as far as my strength will permit.

Gentlemen, believe me, I know where I am. I know to whom I am speaking. I know for whom I am speaking. I know I am here in this singularly prosperous and powerful part of the United States—Western New York—and I know the character of the men who constitute Western New York. I know they are sons of liberty, one and all; that they sucked in liberty with their mothers' milk; inherited it with their blood; that it is their daily contemplation and watchful thought. They are men of a very singular quality and condition for a million and a half of people. There are men around us, and here before us, who till their own soils with their own hands; and others who earn their own livelihood by their own labor, with no means beyond their own industry, and their own independence, and their own willingness to labor. These are the men who constitute, to so great an extent, the people of Western New York. But the School-houses I know are among them. Education is among them. They read, and write and think. And here are the fair sex—educated, refined, and intelligent; and here are men who know the history of their country, and the laws of their country, and the institutions of their country; and men, in my opinion, lovers of liberty, and they are yet lovers of liberty, under the Constitution of the country, and who mean to maintain that Constitution with all their strength, so help them God (great applause). I hope these observations will satisfy you that I know where I am, under what responsibility I speak, and before whom I appear; and I have no desire that any word I shall say this day shall be withholden from you or your children, or your neighbors, or the whole world. Because I speak so before you and before my country, and if it is not too solemn to say so, before God himself, the great author of Justice. Gentlemen, there is but one question in this country now, or if there be others, the others are but secondary, or so subordinate that they are all absorbed in that great and leading question; and that is neither more nor less than this: that we can preserve the Union of the States, not by coercion—not by military power—not by angry controversies. But can we of this generation, you and I, your friends and my friends, can we so preserve the Union of the United States by the administration of the powers of the Constitution, as shall give content and satisfaction to all who live under it, and draw us together, not by military power, but by the silken cords of mutual, fraternal, patriotic affection? That is the question, and no other. Gentlemen, I believe in party distinctions. I am a party man. There are questions belonging to party in which I am concerned, and there are opinions entertained by other parties which I repudiate; but what of that? If a house be divided against itself, it will fall and crush everybody in it. We must see that we maintain the Government over us. We must see that we uphold the Constitution, and we must do so without regard to party. Now, how did this question arise? The question is forever misstated. I dare say if you know much of me, or of my course of public conduct for the last fourteen months, you have heard of my attending Union meetings, and of my fervent demonstrations at Union meetings. Well, what was the object of that? What was the purpose of that? The object and purposes were designedly or thoughtlessly misrepresented. I had an invitation to go to a Union meeting in the county of Westchester; I could not go, but wrote a letter. Well, some wise man of the East said he did not think it was very necessary to hold Union meetings. He did not think there were many disunionists about Tarrytown. And so here in every part of New York, there is a total misapprehension of the purpose and object of these Union meetings. Every one knows there is not a county, or a city, or a hamlet, in the State of New York, that is ready to go out of the Union. There is no man so insane in the whole State, outside a lunatic asylum, as to wish it. But that is not it. We all know that every man and every neighborhood, and all corporations, in the State of New York, is attached to the Union, and has no idea of withdrawing from it. But that is not the point—that is not the point. The question, fellow citizens—and I put it to you now as the real question—the question is, whether you and the rest of the people of the great State of New York, and of all the States, will so administer the Constitution—will so enact and maintain laws to preserve that instrument, so that you will not only remain in the Union yourselves, but permit your brethren to remain in it, and carry it on? That is the question. Will you concur in measures necessary to maintain the Union? or will you oppose such measures? That is the whole point of the case. You have thirty or forty Members of Congress from New York—you have your proportion in the United States Senate. We have many Members of Congress from New England. Well, they maintain the laws that are passed for the administration of the Constitution, and respect the rights of the South, so that the Union may be held together; and not only that we may not go out of it ourselves, which we are not inclined to do, but that, by ascertaining and maintaining the rights of others, they may also remain in the Union. Now, gentlemen, permit me to say that I speak of no concessions. If the South wish any concession from me, they won't get it—not a hair's breadth of it. If they come to my house for it, they will not find it if they do. I concede nothing. But I say that I will maintain for them, as I will maintain for you, to the utmost of my power, and in the face of all danger, their rights under the Constitution, and your rights under the Constitution (cries of "Good! Good!" &c.). And God forsake me and my children, if I ever be found to falter in one or the other (tremendous applause). It is obvious to every one, and we all know it, that the origin of the great disturbance which agitates the country is the existence of Slavery in some of the States; but we must meet it; we must consider it; we must deal with it, earnestly, honestly, and justly. From the mouth of the St. Johns to the confines of Florida, there existed in the year of grace, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, thirteen colonies, of English origin, planted at different times, and coming from different parts of England, bringing with them various habits, and establishing, each for itself, institutions entirely varient from the institutions which they left. But they were of English origin. The English language was theirs; Shakspeare and Milton were theirs, and the Christian religion was theirs, and these things constituted them together. The aggressions of the parent State compelled them to set up for independence. They declared independence, and that immortal act, pronounced on the Fourth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, made them independent. That was an act of union by the United States in Congress assembled. But this act of itself did nothing to establish over them a General Government. They had articles of confederation before to carry on the war. They had a Congress. They had articles of confederation afterward to prosecute the war. But thus far they were independent, each of the other. They entered into a simple confederacy, and nothing more. No State was bound by what it did not itself agree to. That was the state of things, gentlemen, at that time. The war went on—victory perched on the American eagle—our independence was acknowledged. The States were then united together under a confederacy of very limited powers. It could levy no taxes. It could not enforce its own decrees. It was a confederacy instead of being a united Government. Experience showed that this was insufficient and inefficient. And, therefore, beginning as far back almost as the close of the War, measures were taken for the formation of the united Government—a Government in the strict sense of the term—a Government that could pass laws binding to the citizens of all the States, and which could enforce those laws by its executive powers, having them interpreted by a judicial power belonging to the Government. Well, gentlemen, this led to the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and the cost was framed on the idea of a limited Government. It proposed to leave, and did leave, the different institutions of the several States to themselves. It did not propose consolidation. It did not propose that the laws of Virginia should be the laws of New York, or that the laws of New York should be the laws of Massachusetts. It proposed only that for certain purposes, and to a certain extent, there should be a united Government, and that that Government should have the power of executing its own laws. All the rest was left to the several States. And we now come, gentlemen, to the very point of the case. At that time Slavery existed in the Southern States, entailed upon them in the time of the supremacy of British laws over us. There it was. It was obnoxious to the Middle States, and disliked; and honestly and seriously disliked, as the records of the country will show, by the Southern States themselves. Now, how were they to deal with it? Were the Northern and Middle States to exclude from the Government those States of the South which had produced a Washington, a Lawrence, and other distinguished patriots of that part of the country? Were they to be excluded from the new Government because they tolerated the institution of Slavery? Your fathers and my fathers did not think so. They did not see that it would be of the best advantage to the slaves of the Southern States to cut off the South from all connection with the North. Their views of humanity led to no such result; and of course, when the Constitution was framed and established, and adopted by you, here in New York, and by your ancestors in New England, it contained an express provision of security to persons who lived in the Southern States to fugitives who owed them service; that is to say, the fugitive from service or labor should be restored to his master, or owner. Well, that had been the history of the country from its first settlement. It was a matter of common practice to return fugitives before the constitution was formed. Fugitive slaves from Virginia to Massachusetts were restored by the people of Massachusetts. At that day there was a great system of apprenticeship at the North and many apprentices at the North, taking advantage of circumstances, and of vessels sailing to the South, thereby escaped. This led to a clear, express and well defined provision in the Constitution of the country on the subject. Now, I know that all these things are common—that they have been stated a thousand times; but, in these days of perpetual discontent and misrepresentation, to state things a thousand times is not enough; for there are more than a thousand persons whose consciences, one would think, led them to make it a duty to deny, misrepresent, falsify and cover up truths. Now, here is the Constitution, fellow citizens, and I have taken the pains to transcribe therefrom these words, so that he who runs may read: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." Is there any mistake about this? Is there any forty shilling attorney here? No. I will not disgrace my profession by supposing such a thing. There is not in or out of an attorney's office in the County of Erie, or elsewhere, one who could raise a doubt, or a particle of doubt, about the meaning of this provision of the Constitution. He may act as witnesses do, sometimes, on the stand. He may wriggle and twist, and say he can't tell. I have seen many such exhibitions in my time, on the part of witnesses, to falsify, and betray, and deny the faith. But there is no man who can read these words of the Constitution of the United States and say they are not clear and imperative. "No person," the Constitution says, "held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from any such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." Why, you are told by forty conventions in Massachusetts, in Ohio, in New York, in Syracuse, and elsewhere, that if a colored man came here he came as a freeman. That is, a *non sequitur*. If he came as a fugitive from labor, the Constitution says he is not a freeman, and that he shall be delivered up to his owners who are entitled to his service. Now, gentlemen, that is the Constitution of the United States. Gentlemen, do we, or do we not, mean to execute that part of the Constitution as well as the rest of it? I suppose there are before me here members of Congress. I suppose there are here members of the State Legislature, or executive officers, under the State Government. I suppose there are Judicial Magistrates of New York, executive officers, Assessors, Supervisors, Justices of the Peace, and Constables, before me. Allow me to say, gentlemen, that there is not, that there cannot be any one of these officers in this assemblage, or elsewhere, who has not, according to the form of his obligation, bound himself by a solemn oath, before his God, to support the Constitution. They have taken their oaths on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, or by uplifted hand, as the case may be, or by a solemn asseveration, as is the practice in some cases. But one and all of them, there is not a man who holds, nor is there any man who can hold any office in the gift of the United States, or in this State, or in any other State, who does not become bound, by the solemn obligation of an oath before God, that he will support the Constitution of the United States. Well, is he to tamper with that? Is he to falter? Gentlemen, our political duties are as much matters of conscience as any other duties—our sacred domestic ties, our most endearing several relations, are no more the subject for conscientious consideration and conscientious discharge, than the duties we enter into under the Constitution of the United States. The bonds of political brotherhood are the bonds which hold us together from Maine to Georgia. Now, gentlemen, that is the main story of the Constitution of the United States on the question of Slavery. Gentlemen, I contend, and have always contended, that after the adoption of the Constitution, any measure of the Government calculated to bring slave territory into the United States was beyond the power of the Constitution, and against its provision. That is my opinion, and it always has been my opinion. It was very consistent, or thought to be so, for the same purpose, in Jefferson's time, to attach Louisiana to the United States. A treaty with France was made for that purpose. But Jefferson's opinion at that moment was that an alteration of the Constitution was necessary to enable it to be done. In considering what I will not now repeat, that opinion was abandoned and Louisiana was admitted by law, without any provision or alteration in the Constitution. At that time I was too young to hold any office or take any share in the political affairs of the country. Louisiana was admitted as a Slave State, and became entitled to her representation in Congress on the principle of a mixed basis. Florida was afterwards admitted. Then, too, I was out of Congress; I had been in it once; but I had nothing to do with the Florida treaty or the admission of Florida. My opinion remains unchanged, that it was not in the original scope or design of the Constitution to admit new States out of the foreign territory, and that, for one, I never would consent, and no matter what may be said at the Syracuse Convention, or any other assemblage of insane persons, I never would consent that there should be one foot of slave territory beyond what the old thirteen States had at the time of the formation of the Union. Never, never. The man can't show his face to me and say he can prove that I ever departed from that doctrine. He would sneak away, and slink away, or hire a mercenary Heep that he might say what a mercenary apostate from liberty Daniel Webster has become (laughter and cheers). He knows himself to be a hypocrite and falsifier. But, gentlemen, I was in public life when the proposition to annex Texas to the United States was brought forward. You know the revolution in Texas, which divided that country from Mexico, was in the year 1835 or '36. I saw then—and I don't know that it required any particular foresight—that it would be the very next thing to bring Texas, which was designed to be a slaveholding State, into this Union. I did not wait. I sought an occasion to proclaim my utter aversion to any such measure, and I determined to resist it with all my strength, to the last. Now, gentlemen, it is not for your edication, I am sure, that I now revive what I have before spoken in the presence of this assembly. I was in this city in the year 1837, and long before I left New York on that excursion, in the course of which I went to the South and returned here, my friends in New York were kind enough to offer me a public dinner as a testimony of their public regard for me. I went out of my way, on that occasion, for the purpose of showing what I anticipated in the attempt to annex Texas as a slave territory, and said it should be opposed by me to the last extremity. And in Niblo's Garden, in March, 1837, I made a speech. Well, there was the press all around me, the Whig press and the Democratic press. Some spoke commendatory enough of my speech, but all agreed that I took pains to step out of my way to denounce in advance the annexation of Texas as slave territory to the United States. I said on that occasion: "Gentlemen, we all see that by whomsoever possessed, Texas is likely to be a slaveholding country; and I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do anything that shall extend the Slavery of the African on this continent, or add other slaveholding States to the Union. When I said that I regarded Slavery as a great moral and political evil, I only used language that has been adopted by distinguished men, themselves citizens of slaveholding States. I shall do nothing therefore to extend or encourage its further extension. We have Slavery already among us. The Constitution found it among us. It recognized it, and gave it solemn guaranties. To the full extent of these guarantees we are all bound in honor, in justice, and by the Constitution. All the stipulations contained in the Constitution, in favor of the slaveholding States which are already in the Union, ought to be fulfilled, and, so far as depends on me, shall be fulfilled, in the fullness of their spirit, and to the exactness of their letter. Slavery, as it exists in the States, is beyond the reach of Congress. It is the concern of the States themselves. They have never submitted it to Congress, and Congress has no right or power it. I shall concur, therefore, in no act, no measure, no menace, no indication of purpose, which shall interfere, or threaten to interfere, with the exclusive authority of the several States over the subject of Slavery, as it exists within their respective limits. All this appears to me to be a matter of plain and imperative duty. But when we come to speak of admitting new States, the subject assumes a new and entirely different aspect. Our rights and our duties are then both different. The free States and all the States are then at liberty to accept or reject. When it is proposed to bring new members into this political partnership, the old members have a right to say on what terms such partners are to come in, and what they are to bring along with them. In my opinion, the people of the United States will not consent to bring in a new, vastly extensive, and slaveholding country, large enough for half a dozen or dozen States, into the Union. In my opinion, they ought not to consent to it." Gentlemen, I was mistaken; Congress did consent to the bringing in of Texas. They did consent, and I was a false prophet. Your own State consented, and the majority of the Representatives of New York consented. I went into Congress before the final consummation of the deed, and there I fought, holding up both my hands, and proclaiming with a voice stronger than it now is, against the whole of it. But you would have it so, and you did have it so. Nay, gentlemen, I will tell the truth, whether it shames the devil or not (laughter). Persons who have aspired high as lovers of liberty—as eminent Free Soil men, and who have mounted over our heads and trodden us down as if we were mere slaves, they are the men that brought Texas into this country. That is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I declare it before you, and in the presence of my God, that it was so. Look to the journals. Without the consent of New York, Texas would not have come into the Union, under either of the original resolutions or afterwards. But New York voted for the measure. The two Senators from New York voted for it and turned the question, and you may thank them for the glory, the renown, and the happiness of having five or six slave States added to the Union (great sensation). Don't blame me for it. Let them answer who did the deed, and who are now proclaiming liberty, and using it for humbug and trading purposes. Gentlemen, who aided in bringing in Texas? It was all fairly told to you. You heard Moses and the prophets (laughter); but if one had risen from the dead, such was your devotion to that policy, at that time, that you would not have heard him or listened to him for a moment. Well, all that I will now say is, that, with the blessing of God, I will not now, or hereafter, before the country, or the world, consent to be numbered among those who introduced new slave power into the Union. I did all in my power to prevent it (applause). And again, gentlemen, the Mexican War broke out. This vast territory was acquired, and the peace was made; and, much as I disliked the war, I disliked the peace more, because it brought in these territories. That territory was unknown. I did not know what it might be. The plan came from the South. I knew that certain Southern gentlemen wished the acquisition of California and New Mexico, and Utah, as a means of extending slave authority and slave population; everything was known about it. I did not fall into their idea much, but seeing a quarrel, as I conceived—seeing how much it would distract the Union, I voted against the peace with Mexico. I voted against the acquisition. I wanted none of her territory, California, New Mexico, nor Utah. They were rather ultra American. They were far from us, and I saw that they might lead to a political disturbance, and I voted against them all—against the Treaty and against the peace, and I am glad of it. Seeing that it would be an occasion of dispute—that by the controversy the whole Union would be agitated—Messrs. Berrien, Badger, and other respectable and distinguished men of the South, voted against the acquisition and the Treaty which secured it; and if the men of the North had voted the same way, we would have been spared all the difficulties that have grown out of it (applause). Now, there is no sort of doubt, gentlemen, that there were some persons in the South who supposed that California, if it came in at all, would come in as a slave State. You know the extraordinary events that arose there. You know that California received a rush from the Northern people, and that an African slave could no more live there than he could on the top of Mount Hecla. Of necessity it became a free State, and that no doubt was a source of much disappointment to the South. And then there was New Mexico and Utah; what was to be done with them? Why, gentlemen, from the best investigation I have given the subject, and the reflection I have devoted to it, I was of the opinion that the mountains of New Mexico and Utah could no more sustain American Slavery than the snows of Canada. I saw it was impossible. I thought so then, and I think so now. Therefore, gentlemen, when it was proposed in Congress to apply the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico and Utah, it appeared to me just as absurd as to apply it here in Western New York. I saw that the snowy hills, the eternal mountains, and the climate of those countries, would never support Slavery. No man could carry a slave there with any expectation of profit. It could not be done; and as the South thought that it was irritating and disrespectful, I was not willing to do it; and, therefore, I saw no occasion for applying the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico or Utah. I voted accordingly, and who doubts it now? The law admitting those territories passed without any proviso. Is there a slave, or is it likely there will be one there? Why, there is not a man in the United States so stupid as not to see, at this moment, that such a thing was wholly unnecessary, and that it was only calculated to irritate and offend. And I am not one who is disposed to create irritation, or give offence to our brothers, or to break up fraternal friendship, without cause. The question was open whether Slavery should or should not go to New Mexico or Utah. There is no Slavery. There is not the shining face of an African there. It is utterly impracticable, and utterly ridiculous to suppose it, and no one, who does not mean to agitate, will urge it.

Well, gentlemen, we have a race of agitators all over the country—some connected with the press; some, I am sorry to say, connected with the learned professions. They agitate—their livelihood consists in agitation—their freehold, their copyhold, their capital, their all and all, depends on the excitement of the public mind. Gentlemen, these things went on at the commencement of the year 1850. There were two great questions before the public. There was the question of the Texan boundary, and of a Government for Utah and New Mexico, which I consider as one question; and there was the question of making a provision for the restoration of fugitive slaves. Gentlemen, on these subjects I have something to say. Texas, as you know, established her independence of Mexico, by her revolution and the battle of San Jacinto, which made her a sovereign power. I have already stated to you what I have anticipated from the movement—that she would ask to come into the Union as a slave State. We admitted her in 1845, and we admitted her with her own boundaries—remember that. She claimed by conquest all that territory which was commonly called New Mexico, east of the Rio Grande. She claimed also by these limits what her Constitution had declared and established as the proper limits of Texas. This was her claim, and when she was admitted into the United States, the United States did not define her territory. They admitted her as she was. We took her as she defined her own limits, and with the power of making three additional slave States. I say "we," but I did not always remember that. Now, in this state of things, let us go back to 1850. What was the state of things in 1850? There was Texas claiming all that, or a great part of that which the United States had acquired from Mexico, as New Mexico. She stated that it belonged to her by conquest and by her admission into the United States, and she was ready to enforce her claims by the force of arms. Recollect that is not all. A man must be ignorant of the history of the country who does not know, that at the commencement of 1850, there was a great agitation throughout the whole South. Who does not know that six or seven of the largest States of the South had already taken measures for separation—were preparing for disunion in some way? They concurred with Texas, for Texas was prepared or preparing to enforce her rights by force of arms. Troops were enlisted, and don't you remember, gentlemen, that at this state of things how many thousand persons in the South were disaffected towards the Union, or were desirous for breaking it up, or were ready to join Texas—to join her ranks, and see what they could make in a war to establish the rights of Texas to New Mexico? The public mind was disturbed. There were thousands and thousands ready to join Texas. Now, all the extreme South at this time was disaffected towards the Union. These very men were in a condition to fall into any course of things which should be violent and destructive. Well, then, gentlemen, what was to be done again, as far as Texas was concerned? Allow me to say, gentlemen, there are two sorts of foresight. There is a military foresight, which sees what will be the result of a due appeal to arms; and there is also a statesman-like foresight, which looks not at the result of battles and carnage, but through the results of political disturbances, the violence of faction carried into military operations, and the horrors attendant on civil war. I never had a doubt, gentlemen, that if the Administration of Gen. Taylor had gone to war, and had sent troops into New Mexico, that he would have whipped them in a week. The power on one side was far superior to all the power on the other. But what then? What if Texan troops, assisted by thousands of volunteers from the disaffected States, had gone to New Mexico, and had been defeated and turned back, would that have settled the boundary question? Now, gentlemen, I wish I had ten thousand voices—I wish I could draw around me the whole people of the United States—and I wish I could make them all hear what I now declare in my own conscience, before the Power who sits on high, and who will judge you and me hereafter, as my solemn belief, that if this Texas controversy had not been settled by Congress in the manner called the adjustment measures, civil war would have ensued—blood, American blood, would have been shed; and who can tell what else would have been the consequence? Gentlemen, in an honorable war, if a foreign foe invade us—if our rights were threatened—if it were necessary to defend them by arms, I am not afraid of blood. And, if I am too old myself, I hope there are those connected with me who are young, and willing to defend their country to the last drop of their blood (sensation). But I cannot express the horror I feel at the shedding of blood in a controversy between one of these States and the Government of the United States, because I see in it, in the sight of Heaven, a disruption of all those ties that make us a great and a happy people. Gentlemen, that was the great question, the leading question, at the commencement of the year 1850. Then there was the other, and that was a matter of the Fugitive Slave Law; let me say a word about that? Under the provisions of the Constitution in General Washington's administration in the year 1793, there was passed a law for the restoration of Fugitive slaves, by general consent. No one opposed it at that period. It was thought to be necessary to carry the Constitution into effect. The great men of New England and New York all concurred in it. It passed and answered all the purposes expected from it, till about the year 1841 or 1842, when the States interfered to make enactments in opposition to it. The law of Congress said that State Magistrates might execute the duties of the law. Some of the States passed penal enactments involving a penalty on any who executed authority under the law. Others of them denied the use of their jails to carry the law into effect; and generally at the commencement of the year 1850, it was absolutely—I say it was absolutely—indispensable that Congress should pass some law for the execution of this provision of the Constitution, or else give up that institution entirely. That was the question. I was in Congress when the law was passed. I was for a proper law. I had, indeed, proposed a different law. I was of opinion that a summary trial by a jury might be had, which would satisfy the prejudices of the people, but I left the Senate and went to another station before the law was passed. The law of 1850 passed. Now I undertake as a lawyer, and on my professional character, to say to you and all, that the law of 1850 is decidedly more favorable to the fugitive than General Washington's law of 1793; and I tell you why. In the first place, the present law places the power in much higher hands—of independent Judges of the Superior and Circuit Courts and District Courts and Commissioners who are appointed to office for their law learning. Every fugitive is brought before a tribunal of high character, of eminent ability, of respectable station. Well then, in the first place, when a claimant comes from Virginia to New York to say that one A or one B has run away, or is a fugitive from service or labor, he brings with him a record of the county from which he comes, and that record must be sworn to before a Magistrate and certified by the County Clerk as to its correctness. The affidavit must state that A or B (as the case may be) had departed under such and such circumstances and had come here, and that record under seal is, by the Constitution of the United States, entitled to full credit in every other State. Well, the claimant, or his agent, comes here, and he presents to you the seal of the Courts of Virginia, that A and B had escaped from service. He must prove that he is here. He brings a witness and asks if this is the man, and he proves it, or in ten cases out of eleven the answer would be, "Yes, Massa, I am your slave, I did escape from your service." Such is the present law, and so much opposed and maligned as it is, it is a more favorable law to the Fugitive, than the law of Washington's of 1793, which created no disturbance at the time it was passed, and which was sanctioned by the North as well as by the South. But this opposition is a sentiment of more modern times. From whom does this clamor come? Why, look at the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Convention—look at their resolutions. Do you find among all those persons who oppose this Fugitive Slave Law any admission whatever that any law ought to be passed to carry into effect the solemn stipulations of the Constitution? Tell me any such case! Tell me if any resolution was passed by the Convention at Syracuse favoring the carrying out of the Constitution? Not one! The fact is, gentlemen, they oppose the whole—they oppose the whole—not a man of them admits that there ought to be any law on the subject. They deny altogether that the provisions of the Constitution ought to be carried into effect. Well, what do they say? Look at the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Conventions in Ohio, Massachusetts, and at Syracuse, in the State of New York. What do they say? that, so help them God, no colored man shall be sent from the State of New York, back to his master in Virginia. Don't they say that, and for the fulfilment of that they pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor (laughter)! They pledged their sacred honor to violate the laws of their country—they pledged their sacred honor to resist their execution—they pledged their sacred honor to commit treason against the laws of their country! God bless them, and help them who pledge their sacred honor in such a cause (applause)! I have already stated, gentlemen, what your observation of this must have been. I will only recur to it for a moment, for the purpose of persuading you, as public men and private men—as good men and patriotic men—that you ought, to the extent of your ability and influence, see to it that such laws are established and maintained as shall keep you and the South, and the West and all the country together, as far as it is just and right, and so far as the Constitution demands. I say, that what is demanded of us is to be up to our Constitutional duties—to do for the South what the South have a right to demand. Gentlemen, I have been some time before the public. My character is known, my life is before the country. I profess to love liberty as much as any man living: but I profess to love American liberty, that liberty which is secured to the country by the Constitution under which we live, and I have no great opinion of that liberty which goes over the restraints of law or of the Constitution. I hold the Constitution of the United States to be the bulwark, the only bulwark of our liberties, and our national chart. I don't mean that you should become slaves under the Constitution. That is not American liberty; that is not the liberty of the Union for which our fathers fought—that liberty which has given us a right to be known and respected all over the world. Gentlemen, let me say to you that, as much as I admire the character of the people of Western New York, as much as I wish to retain your good opinion, if you would ever place me hereafter in any connection with public life, let me tell you now that you must not expect from me the slightest variation, even of a hair's breadth, from the Constitution of the United States (cries of "Good! Good! Good!"). I am a Northern man. I was born at the North—educated at the North—have lived all my days at the North. I know five hundred Northern men to one Southern man. My sympathies—all my sympathies—my love of liberty for all mankind, of every color, are the same as yours. My affections and hopes in that respect are exactly like yours. I wish to see all men free—all men happy. I have no associations out of the Northern States. My people are your people. And yet I am told sometimes that I am not a liberty man because I am not a Free Soil man (laughter). What am I? what was I ever? what shall I be hereafter, if I would sacrifice, for any consideration, that love of American liberty which has glowed in my breast since my infancy, and which I hope will never leave me till I expire (applause)? Gentlemen, I regret extremely that Slavery exists in the Southern States, and that Congress has not power to act upon it. But it may be in the dispensation of Providence—some remedy may be found for it. But, in the meantime, I hold on to the Constitution of the United States; and you need never expect from me, under any circumstances, that I shall falter from it—that I shall be otherwise than frank and decisive. I would not part with my character as a man of firmness and decision, and honor and principle, for all that the world holds. You will find me true to the North, because all my sympathies are with the North. My affections, my children, my hopes, my everything, is with the North. But when I stand up before my country as one appointed to administer the Constitution of the country, by the blessing of God, I will be just (great applause). Gentlemen, I expect to be libeled and abused. Yes! libeled and abused. But it don't disturb me. I have not lost a night's sleep for a great many years. I have some talent for sleeping (laughter). And why should we not expect to be libeled? Is not the Constitution of the United States libeled and abused? Don't some people call it the production of hell? Is not Washington libeled and abused? Is he not called a bloodhound on the track of the African negro? Are not our fathers libeled and abused by their own children? And ungrateful children they are—and I am afraid, in some cases, their mothers played false (laughter). How, then, shall I escape? I don't expect to escape, but knowing these things I impute no bad motive to any one. The great settlement measures of the last Congress are laws. Many respectable men, representatives from your own State and from other States, did not concur in them. I don't impute any bad motive to them. I am ready to believe they are Americans all. They may not have thought them necessary—they may have thought these laws would be passed without their concurrence. Let all that pass away. If they are now men who will stand by what is done, and stand up for their country, and say that these laws were passed by a majority of the whole country—we must stand by them and live by them, I will respect them all as friends. Gentlemen, allow me to ask of you to-day, what do you think would have been the situation of the country at this time, in your judgment, if these laws had not been passed by Congress? If the question of the Texan Boundary had not been settled, New Mexico and Utah had been left as desert places, and no Government had been provided for them; and if the other great measures, to which State laws had opposed so many obstacles in the restoration of fugitives, had not been settled, I ask what would have been the state of this country now? You men of Erie County—you men of New York—I adjure you to go home to-night and meditate on these subjects. What would have been the state of this country—now—at this moment—if these laws had not been passed? I have given my opinion that we should have had a civil war. I refer it to you, therefore, for your consideration; meditate on it; do not be carried away by notions or ideas of metaphysics; think practically on the great question of what would have been the condition of the United States at this moment if we had not settled these agitating questions. I have stated that in my opinion there would have been civil war. Gentlemen, will you allow me for a moment to advert to myself? I have been a long time in public life; of course, not many years remain to me. At the commencement of 1850 I saw something of the condition of the country, and I thought the inevitable consequence would be civil war. I saw danger in leaving Utah and New Mexico without any government—a prey to the power of Texas. I saw this condition of things arising from the interference of some of the States, in defeating some of the operations of the Constitution in respect to the restoration of fugitive slaves; and, gentlemen, I made up my mind to encounter whatever might betide me, and allow me to say, something which was not entirely unexpected. A member of the House of Representatives told me that he had made a list of 140 speeches which had been made in Congress on the Slavery question. That is a very large number, my friend, I said, but how is that? Why, said he, a Northern man gets up and speaks with considerable power and fluency until the speaker's hammer knocks him down—then gets up a Southern man and he speaks with more warmth—he is nearer the line and he comes out against the North. He speaks his hour and stops, and so it has gone on until I have got one hundred and forty speeches on my list. Well, said I, where are they? If the speaker, said he, was a Northern man, he held forth against Slavery; and if he was from the South, he abused the North; and all those speeches were sent by the members to their own localities, where they were the cause of the local irritation which existed at the time. In this way the other side of the question was not heard—that is the way of it. I thought that in this state of things, quiet was necessary. You can't suppose that I was indifferent to the danger. I am a Massachusetts man, and know what Massachusetts used to be. I am a Massachusetts man. Massachusetts has kept me a great while in Congress. I will honor her. I respect her, and mean to do so as long as I live (applause).

Well, gentlemen, suppose that on that occasion, I had taken a different course from what I did. If I may allude to anything so insignificant as myself—suppose that on the 7th of March, instead of making a speech that would reconcile the country, I had joined in the general clamor of the party—suppose I had said I will have nothing to do with any accommodation—we will admit no satisfaction—we will let Texas invade New Mexico—we will leave New Mexico and Utah to take care of themselves, and we will plant ourselves on the Wilmot Proviso, and let the devil take the hindermost. Now, gentlemen, I don't mean to say that great consequences would follow from that; but suppose I had taken such a course, how could I be blamed for it? Was I not a Massachusetts man? Did I not know Massachusetts' sentiments and prejudices? But what of that—I am an American (great applause!) I was made a whole man by God, and I don't mean to make myself half a one (tremendous outbursts of applause). I felt I had a duty to perform to my country—to my own reputation—for I flattered myself that a service of 40 years has given me some character. I thought it was my duty, and I did not care what was to give way. I felt it to be my duty to come out—to go for my country and my whole country, and to exert every power I had to keep that country together (great applause). I cared for nothing—I was afraid of nothing—but meant to do my duty. Duty performed makes a man happy—duty neglected makes a man unhappy as well as those around him. I therefore, gentlemen, in the face of all circumstances and danger, was willing to go forth and do that which my country—your country—demanded of me; and, gentlemen, allow me to say here to-day that if the fate of John Rogers had been presented to me—if I had seen the stake—if I had heard the thorns cracking—by the blessing of Almighty God I would have gone on and discharged the duty which I thought my country called upon me to perform. I would have become a martyr to save my country.

And now, gentlemen, farewell! Live and be happy. Live like patriots. Live like Americans. Live in the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings which your fathers prepared for you, and if anything that I may do hereafter should be inconsistent in the slightest degree with the opinions and principles which I have addressed to you, then discard me forever from your recollection.

"WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE SOUTH?"

THE name of the faithful Wesleyan preacher, J. MCBRIDE, who is still bound to stand his trial in Virginia, on an appeal to a higher Court, for giving a little girl the Ten Commandments with notes, is not forgotten by our readers. As an evidence of the kind of life he leads among the Heathen where he chooses to labor, we copy his last letter to *The True Wesleyan*. It is dated the 6th of May, at Guilford, North Carolina. After stating that he is suffering from some temporary indisposition he proceeds:

.....I would have kept within doors this day, but for the fact that I mistrusted a mob would be out to disturb my congregation, though such a hint had not been given me by a human being. About 6 o'clock this morning I crawled into my carriage and drove eighteen miles, which brought me to my meeting place, eight miles east of Greensboro'—the place I gave an account of a few weeks since, where some seven or eight persons gave their names to go into the organization of a Wesleyan Methodist Church. Well, sure enough, just before meeting time (12 o'clock) I was informed that a pack of rioters were on hand, and that they had sworn I should not fill my appointment this day. As they had heard nothing of this before, the news came on some of my friends like a clap of thunder from a clear sky; they scarcely knew what to do. I told them I should go to meeting, or die in the attempt, and like "good soldiers" they followed. Just before I got to the Arbor, I saw a man leave the crowd and approach me at the left of my path. As I was about to pass, he said,

"Mr. McBride, here 's a letter for you."

I took the letter, put it into my pocket, and said, "I have not time to read it until after meeting."

"No, you must read it *now*."

Seeing that I did not stop, he said, "I want to speak to you," beckoning with his hand, and turning, expecting me to follow.

"I will talk to you after meeting," said I, pulling out my watch; "you see I have no time to spare—it is just twelve."

As I went to go in at the door of the stand, a man who had taken his seat on the step rose up, placed his hands on me, and said in a very excited tone,

"Mr. McBride, you can't go in here!"

Without offering any resistance, or saying a word, I knelt down outside the stand, on the ground, and prayed to my "Father," plead His promises, such as, "When the enemy comes in like a flood, I *will* rear up a standard against" him; "I am a present help in trouble;" "I will fight all your battles for you;" prayed for grace, victory, my enemies, &c. Rose perfectly calm. Meantime my enemies cursed and swore some, but most of the time they were rather quiet. Mr. Hiatt, a slaveholder and merchant from Greensboro', said,

"You can't preach here to-day; we have come to prevent you. We think you are doing harm—violating our laws," &c.

"From what authority do you thus command and prevent me from preaching; are you authorized by the civil authority to prevent me?"

"No, sir."

"Has God sent you, and does He enjoin it on you as a duty to stop me?"

"I am unacquainted with *Him*."

"Well, 'acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace;' and He will give you a more hon

perish in the ruins. The persons became food for the beasts they threw Daniel too; the same fire that was kindled for the 'Hebrew children' consumed those who kindled it; Haman stretched the same rope he prepared for Mordecai. Yours is a dangerous course, and you must reap a retribution either here or hereafter. We will sing a hymn, said I.

"Oh yes," said H., "you may sing."

"The congregation will please assist me, as I am quite unwell;" and I lined off the hymn, "Father, I stretch my hands to thee," &c., rioters and all helping to sing. All seemed in a good humor, and I almost forgot their errand. When we closed, I said, "Let us pray."

"G—d d—n it, that's not singing," said one of the company who stood back pretty well.

While we invoked the Divine blessing, I think many could say, "It is good for us to be here." Before I rose from my knees, after the friends rose, I delivered an exhortation of some ten or fifteen minutes, in which I urged the brethren to steadfastness, prayer, &c., some of the mob crying, "Lay hold of him!" "drag him out!" "stop him!" &c.

My voice being nearly drowned by the tumult, I left off. I was then called to have some conversation with H., who repeated some of the charges he preferred at first—said I was bringing on insurrection, causing disturbance, &c.; wished me to leave the State; said he had some slaves, and he himself was the most of a slave of any of them, had harder times than they had, and he would like to be shut of them, and that he was my true friend,

"As to your friendship, Mr. H., you have acted quite friendly, remarkably so—fully as much so as Judas when he kissed the Saviour. As to your having to be so much of a slave, I am sorry for you; you *ought to be freed*. As to insurrection, I am decidedly opposed to it, have no sympathy with it whatever. As to raising disturbance and leaving the State, I left a little, motherless daughter in Ohio, over whom I wished to have an oversight and care. When I left, I only expected to remain in North Carolina one year; but the people dragged me up before the court under the charge of felony, put me in bonds, and kept me; and now would you have me leave my securities to suffer, have me lie and deceive the court?"

"Oh! if you will leave, your bail will not have to suffer; that can, I think, be settled without much trouble," said Mr. H.

"They *shall not* have trouble on my account," said I.

After talking with Mr. H. and one or two more on personal piety, &c., I went to the Arbor, took my seat in the door of the stand for a minute; then rose, and after referring to a few texts of Scripture to show that all those who will live godly shall suffer persecution, I inquired, 1st. What is persecution? 2dly, noticed the fact, "shall suffer;" gave a synoptical history of persecution, by showing that Abel was the first martyr for the right—the Israelites' sufferings. The prophets were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, had to wander in deserts, mountains, dens and caves of the earth, were driven from their houses, given to ferocious beasts, lashed to the stake, and destroyed in different ways. Spoke of John the Baptist; showed how he was persecuted, and what the charge. Christ was persecuted for doing what John was persecuted for not doing. Spoke of the sufferings of the apostles, and their final death; of Luther and his coadjutors; of the Wesleys and early Methodists; of Fox, and the early Quakers; of the early settlers in the colonies of the United States. Noticed why the righteous were persecuted, the advantages thereof to the righteous themselves, and how they should treat their persecutors—with kindness, &c. Spoke, I suppose, some half an hour, and dismissed. Towards the close, some of the rioters got quite angry, and yelled. "Stop him!" "Pull him out!" "The righteous were never persecuted for d——d abolitionism, &c. Some of them paid good attention to what I said. And thus we spent the time from twelve to three o'clock, and thus the meeting passed by.

Brother dear, I am more and more confirmed in the righteousness of our cause. I would rather, much rather die for good principles, than to have applause and honor for propagating false theories and abominations. You perhaps would like to know how I feel. Happy most of the time; a religion that will not stand persecution, will not take us to Heaven. Blessed be God that I have not, thus far, been suffered to deny Him. Sometimes I have thought I was nearly home. I generally feel a calmness of soul, but sometimes my enjoyments are rapturous.—I have had a great burden of prayer for the dear flock: help me pray for them. Thank God, I have not heard of one of them giving up or turning, and I believe some, if not most of them, would go to the stake rather than give back. I forgot to say I read a part of the 5th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles to the rioters, commencing at the 17th verse. I told them if their institutions were of God, I could not harm them; that if our cause was of God, *they could not stop it*—that they could kill me, but they could *not kill* the truth. Though I talked plainly, I talked and felt kindly to them.

I have had to write in such haste, and being fatigued and unwell, my letter is disconnected. I meant to give you a copy of the letter of the mob. Here it is:

"Mr. J. McBride:

"We, the subscribers, very and most respectfully request you not to attempt to fulfil your appointment at this place. If you do, you will surely be interrupted.

"May 6th, 1851." [Signed by 32 persons.]

Some were professors of religion—Presbyterians, Episcopal Methodists, and Methodist Protestants.—One of the latter was an "*Exhorter*." I understand some of the crowd were negro traders.

Farewell, J. McBRIDE.

——LATER FROM HAITI—OVERTURES TO THE DOMINICIANS.—By the *Santiago*, which arrived at this port yesterday from Port-au-Prince, whence she sailed on the 18th ultimo, we have received a copy of the following proclamation to the Dominicians, issued by Emperor Soulouque, on the 14th inst.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE EAST.

Faustin 1., *Emperor of Haiti.*

For a long time discord has waved his torch over unhappy Haiti and kept us divided, contrary to sound reason, and to our interests which are the same in all things. We lament this separation; and often, fulfiling our duty, we have called upon you as brothers, as children of the same family, to terminate it, by a reconciliation, for our happiness, for the benefit of our common country. We regret and deplore the continuance of a state of things which is, we confess, the greatest calamity that can fall upon a young nation which has need of peace, union and concord, in order to increase, and occupy the station destined for it by Providence. Think calmly, on all the sacrifices, on both sides, which the deplorable war existing between us, has already cost; and let us hasten to terminate them. Humanity demands it; the kindred blood which circulates in our veins makes it an imperious duty. Who can doubt the desire with which we are animated, the prayers of our hearts for this reconciliation?

Has not the truce proposed by the mediating powers, under date of the 18th of June last, already been long in existence, and does it not still exist? The good effects which it has produced cannot escape your appreciation. It is an established mark; let us look to the same end, extending our hands to each other, and accomplish that reconciliation so earnestly desired by those civilized nations who are interested in our welfare, and in our social and political progress.

It is time, dear countrymen, to put an end to our differences. We, therefore, propose to you a plan of negotiation. We will name deputies; you will name an equal number on your side; they will be empowered to treat freely of some agreement which will terminate this disastrous situation, the burden of which we both feel, and guarantee to each the benefits of peace and repose.

In the meantime, come in all security to transact your commerce, and exchange with us the relations of good friendship. Come; an outlet is open to your products. From our reciprocal exchange will spring advantages without number, which cannot fail to spread joy and prosperity all around our hearths. Let us cast a veil over the past, and fulfil by our reconciliation, the hope of all friends of humanity.

On all our military lines we have given orders that persons and property shall be respected, and that the most cordial reception shall be given to you. We venture to trust that the same measures will be taken on your part. Respond to our desires, and receive this overture as brothers, to whom the name of Country is dear.

And you who hold authority in the East, think on the incalculable evils which this system of separation will draw upon us. The interests of Humanity, of Civilization and our common future, demand Peace. Do not remain deaf to the voice which invites you to union. In neglecting that voice you will have assumed a terrible responsibility, for which posterity will demand a reckoning of you and your descendants.

Given at our Imperial Palace, in Port-au-Prince, May 14, 1851, in the 48th year of Independence and the 2d of our reign.

FAUSTIN.

——THE CUBA EXPEDITION AT THE SOUTH.—The Cuba expedition has been abandoned, and the parties engaged in it are returning to their homes. It is doubtless, most fortunate for those engaged in it, that circumstances and the vigilance of the government have defeated their plans. From all that we have been able to learn of the numbers, equipments, &c., and the condition and defences of Cuba, there was no possibility of their success, and many chances of uselessly sacrificing their lives. The effect of the rumored invasion of Cuba will be to prolong the reign of the present government, and render its tyranny more exacting and rigid. The panic created at Havana by the reports of an invasion has checked business, and driven off most of the non-residents. A young gentleman from this part of Georgia, now in Florida, awaiting the arrival of the needful to return home, says he was deceived as to the number engaged in the expedition, the equipment and chances of success. He invested all that he could raise in Cuban bonds, at ten cents for the dollar, or ninety per cent discount; but he is now satisfied that the whole project was a wild and impracticable scheme.—*Albany (Ga.) Patriot May 24.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

* * *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1851.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

THIS Annual Gathering of the Abolitionists of New England, and of the country at large, was held last week, with the most perfect and the most gratifying success. We doubt whether there was ever a Convention more numerously attended by persons sincerely interested in the Anti-Slavery Movement, and committed to it. We are sure that there was never one so absolutely free from any of the interruptions or annoyances which have seemed, in times past, to be almost inseparable from meetings where Free Speech was allowed. This Meeting was entirely free from them. There was no disturbance on the edges of the meeting, as is apt to be the case, and next to no speaking that was not pertinent, acceptable and impressive. Not that there were not diversities of opinion as to doctrine and practice, but they were set forth by persons of sense and ability, and argued in a spirit of fairness and good humor that was truly commendable. It was a matter of universal remark among those who had attended Anti-Slavery meetings for many years that they recollected none at which there was so much speaking that was absolutely good and so little that was even *mediocre*.

A chief attraction which accounted for the numbers and character of the Anti-Slavery portion of the assembly was, undoubtedly, to be found in the presence of George Thompson, whom many of the Abolitionists from the country had not heard since the campaign of 1835, and who took this opportunity of reviving their recollections of him and their acquaintance with him. He spoke with great power and eloquence, and not a shadow of personal opposition could be raised against him. On the last day, he spoke at length, both in the morning, afternoon and evening, and to crowded auditories. In the morning, he treated of the philosophy of the Anti-Slavery Reformation, and showed how distinct it was from the machinery of political parties, and how superior to its management: that the regeneration of public opinion on the matter of Slavery, which is the object of the Anti-Slavery Movement proper, is the necessary cause and creator of Anti-Slavery political action, by whomsoever exercised: and that if the Abolitionists be but sincere and faithful in their efforts to change the opinions and feelings of the general mind by their agitation, they need feel no apprehension that the new state of mind will not be duly expressed by the politicians of the country. In the afternoon, he unveiled, depicted and exposed the cruel absurdities of that gigantic Humbug, the Colonization Society. In the evening, he briefly reviewed his Anti-Slavery course while in this country, exhorted us to a continuance in well-doing, and took a farewell, full of feeling and eloquence—a farewell which we would fain hope will be only for a season.

We, perhaps, never had a stronger array of speakers than at this time. Besides Mr. Thompson, there was Messrs. Samson, Phillips, Pillsbury, Remond, H. C. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, C. C. Burleigh, S. J. May, Edwin Thompson, and many others. The strain of the speaking was maintained at the highest pitch of excellence in the various styles of the speakers, and in variety and ability they could not have been equalled in the country. The interest which the topics of the Meeting and the manner in which they were handled excited, was proved by the throngs that crowded the halls where our sessions were held. The Boylston Hall, though insufficient for our purposes, and inconveniently remote from the centre of affairs, was always as full, and fuller, than it could hold. The same thing followed us to the more obscure purlieus of Chardon Street, on the afternoon when we were driven again to that old scene of former campaigns. But though it was perfectly obvious that a large multitude on the outskirts were not in communion with us, and though it was equally plain that the hard truths which were hurled at them were not unfelt or misunderstood, still there was profound attention, and scarcely the symptom of any disposition to disturb the orderly proceeding of the meeting. In the evening, we had secured ourselves against disturbance by having the admission by ticket. Although this method did not have the effect of excluding opponents, which we should have greatly regretted if it had, it did keep out the merely boyish and *rowdyish* elements of opposition. And being exempt from the fatal presence of Mayor Bigelow and Marshal Tukey, we had a perfectly quiet and edifying time.

The circumstance of our finding ourselves again, after the lapse of seventeen years, in the same hall where the first New England Convention was held, in 1834, was an interesting and not an unsuggestive one. How varied ann strange has been our experience since that time! How has death and backsliding and treachery and desertion thinned the ranks of those that stood shoulder to shoulder with each other then! How have the vacancies in the ranks been filled up by newer and better soldiers! After having carried Faneuil Hall at the point of the bayonet, as it were, and maintained it for so many years, we are dispossessed of it by the awkward squad now standing in the place of a City Government, and driven into our original entrenchments, for the lack of better. But is the tide of time turned back by this apparent triumph of Webster Whiggery over Anti-Slavery? Has the sun gone back upon the Dial-plate? And because the shadow marks the same meridian that it did seventeen years ago, has the world stood still all that time? Nay, verily. Seventeen revolutions of the earth round the sun have wrought strange changes in human condition and human opinion, all over the world. Revolution and Reaction have shaken Europe. America has been the scene of that conflict of Institutions and Ideas which *is* Revolution. And notwithstanding apparent defeats and imaginary successes of the enemy, there has been no Reaction. The progress of events and the uninterrupted conquest of the old Ideas of the country by the new has gone on steadily ever since the Movement began, twenty years ago. Things can never be restored to the position in which they then stood. The New England Convention of 1851 stands in an attitude and occupies a position very different from that of 1834. It looks backs upon a pathway strewed with the trophies of victory, though it looks forward to one beset with many dangers and lying through many a battle-field to be won before the complete and final triumph.

The very fact of our exclusion from Faneuil Hall is a proof of the change in our relations to the country. We were, certainly, not shut out of it because of our insignificance. It was not because the men who pull the strings that make the puppets dance in the City Hall thought we were of no importance that they touched those particular wires. We were offered up as a sacrifice to great Idols, or at least Idols which seem great to the little men of this generation. We accept this treatment as a tribute to our worth and activity, which we wish we deserved better. We have no doubt that we shall have Faneuil Hall again in due time, if we do but persist in our agitation, and resolutely hinder the pacification of the country, for which Daniel Webster and his retainers sigh. It is certainly no slight sign of progress that Mr. Thompson could speak in public and express his whole mind on the matter of Slavery without molestation or disturbance, in the heart of Boston. The walls of Faneuil Hall will yet re-echo his voice and resound with the acclamations which will drown the memory of its past disgrace. We can wait,—E. Q.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION AND SLAVERY.

AT a meeting of the Unitarian Association last week in Boston, Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, offered the following very emphatic and trying Resolutions to the consideration of the brethren, and asked that they be passed:

Whereas, His Excellency, Millard Fillmore, whose official signature made the Fugitive Slave Bill a law, is a Unitarian; and Hon. Daniel Webster, who exerted all his official and personal influence to procure the passage of that Bill, has been, until recently, if he is not now, a member of the Unitarian Church; and,

Whereas, One of the only three Representatives from New England who voted for that Bill, is Hon. Samuel A. Elliott, a distinguished Unitarian of Boston, known to have been educated for the Unitarian Ministry; and,

Whereas, The present Representative of the United States Government at the Court of the British Empire is a Unitarian; and his two immediate predecessors were once preachers of this Gospel,—and one of them, Hon. Edward Everett, has publicly declared his approval of Mr. Webster's course, touching this most wicked law; and

Whereas, Hon. Jared Sparks, President of Harvard College, and President of the Divinity School at Cambridge, formerly a distinguished Unitarian minister, and very elaborate and able expounder of our distinctive doctrines, is one of the number who addressed a letter to Mr. Webster, commending him for what he had said and done in behalf of the Fugitive Slave Law, and still more because the late President of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. Dr. Dewey, one of the most popular preachers, expounders, and champions of the Unitarian Faith, has been more earnest and emphatic than any man in his asseveration that this law, infernal as it is, ought nevertheless to be obeyed; and because the gentleman who this day retires from the highest position in our ecclesiastical body, Rev. Dr. Gannett, is also understood to have given in his adhesion to this lowest of all laws; and several of the distinguished titled ministers in and near Boston—the head-quarters of Unitarianism—have preached obedience to this Law.

We, therefore, feel especially called upon by the highest considerations, at this time, the first general gathering of our body since the above-named exposures of the unsoundness of our members, to declare in the most public and emphatic manner, that we consider the Fugitive Slave Law a most fearful violation of the Law of God, as taught by Jesus Christ and his Apostles, and therefore, all obedience to it as practical Infidelity to the Author and Finisher of the Christian Faith, and to the impartial Father of the human family.

Resolved, therefore, That we, the American Unitarian Association, earnestly exhort *all* who would honor the Christian name, but especially all who have embraced with us views of human nature similar to those held up by our reverered Channing—to remember those in bonds as bound with them; ever to attempt to do for them, as we would that the now enslaved or fugitive should do for us in an exchange of circumstances,—to comfort and aid them in their attempts to escape from their oppressors, and by no means to betray the fugitives, or in any way to assist or give the least countenance to the cruel men, who would return them to Slavery.

Mr. May's motion was seconded by the Rev. Theodore Parker in what is reported as a short but very telling speech. Whereupon a Mr. Fuller of Boston moved that the resolutions be not even so much as received by the association, and this motion being seconded by the Rev. Mr. Richardson of Hingham—one of those who has signalized himself, in his own pulpit by a sermon enforcing the duty of slave-catching—it was passed by a vote of 27 or 28 to 22.

In commenting upon this signal evidence of the position of the Unitarian body, the *Boston Commonwealth* says that in justice and mercy to the Association, it should be stated that several members afterwards said in private, that they were in favor of the *resolution* proposed by Mr. May, but did not like altogether the Preamble, and so voted against the whole—and others declared that they voted in support of Mr. Fuller's motion, because it was so late, and they did not understand that the effect of that motion would be to settle the whole question against the resolution. They certainly ought to have the benefit of the doubt in this case for no body of professedly Christian men thus brought to the bar of public opinion ever stood more in need of it. We suppose, however, that we are at liberty to hope that the time will come when the members of the Association will have the virtue to do that which they acknowledge they ought to do by making some excuse for not doing.

THE British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have issued, through their Committee, an Address to the people of Great Britain, urging upon them the duty of not permitting such an occasion as the Great Exhibition to pass without having its due influence upon the subject of Slavery. The crowds of Americans in England at this time should be made to feel, they insist, that the moral sentiment of the civilised world is opposed to the vile system, to uphold which is made, in this country, the standard of every man's patriotism and Christianity. The whole Address is in a moderate tone and thus closes:

"... To arouse and deepen in the mind of every American this moral sentiment, is the imperative duty of Englishmen whilst performing the rites of hospitality, or extending the hand of welcome to their trans-atlantic brethren. Let us not forget that on our faithfulness in this matter much may depend, as to whether the influence of each individual, when he returns to his native shores, shall be exercised for good or for evil, on this great question. And permit us especially to warn those who have the control of British pulpits, to be very careful how they allow them to be occupied by those ministers of religion, who are not prepared most unequivocally to denounce the condition of Slavery as utterly repugnant to the spirit of the gospel; and its sanction, even by silence, as a dereliction of Christian duty. They can be no fit teachers of the doctrines of Christianity, who are swayed, by the mere color of the skin, from the practical exercise of its blessed precepts. The duty of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us, admits of no limitations of race in the sight of Him, "who hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

In thus calling upon the British public at this interesting period to uphold, in all its integrity, the standard of Christian truth, in relation to the system of Slavery, it is far, indeed, from our intention to awaken one feeling of bitterness towards any of our American friends. For these among them who have labored, amidst much opposition, contempt, and persecution, to obey the apostolic precept to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," we would bespeak the most cordial welcome to the hearts and homes of Englishmen. All, indeed, that we desire is, that the extended intercourse to which the approaching Exhibition must necessarily lead may be made a means, under the Divine blessing, of promoting the speedy removal of Slavery, and of hastening that happy period when every country in the world shall utterly repudiate "the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man."

THE following placard was posted, last week, in Boston. It is a valuable addition to the choice specimens of the evidences of American hospitality and patriotism with which the 'Renegade Foreigner' has filled a portly Note Book for the delectation and instruction of his friends at home:

BOSTONIANS!

Have you not sufficiently disgraced yourselves in the eye of the whole country in tolerating the insane abuses of Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury, and other madmen, that you should now put up tamely and submissively with the wholesale slanders against us by a RENEGADE FOREIGNER in your very midst? Where is your self-respect as citizens of Boston? Where is the respect you owe to your country? Freedom of speech forever! but no vile abuse from a foreigner, a scoundrel and emissary PAID to help in the cause of DISUNION! Bostonians, if there is no righteous sense of propriety left in you, if there is no element of shame to stimulate you, then an appeal is due to the brave and patriotic NATURALIZED CITIZENS, natives of Ireland and England, whose bosoms swell with indignation towards the VILE APOSTATE of their native clime, and burn with shame at the submissive recreancy of these their native citizens. An appeal to you, naturalized Americans, will set a worthy example, and *silence* FOREVER, in this community, the tongue of that vile hireling, apostate and slanderer, GEORGE THOMPSON, member of the British Parliament.

——SIMS, the fugitive by whose return the Union had already been once saved, has again been made the instrument whereby the devotion of our Southern brethren to the Constitution is made manifest. He has been sold by that "good Christian man" Potter, to a sugar planter in Cuba, and is now in that Island. As Cuba is to be one of the stars of the great Constellation the prohibition against the Foreign Slave Trade will be overlooked in this anticipation of a profitable Domestic traffic.

——A MISSING CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The London *Spectator* in noticing the meagreness of the American contributions to the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in Hyde Park, expresses astonishment at not seeing among other specimens of our peculiar productions, a Southern Slave, and thinks our part of the show quite imperfect without one.

——THE trial of Scott, the first on the list of those accused of aiding in the escape of Shadrach, has been in progress for the last week in Boston, but the case has not yet gone to the jury.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE New England Anti-Slavery Convention assembled in Boylston Hall, in Boston, on Tuesday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and was called to order by FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston, the President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

On motion of Edmund Quincy, FRANCIS JACKSON was appointed President *pro tem.*, and SAMUEL MAY, Jr. Secretary *pro tem.*

On motion of Wendell Phillips, the following were appointed a Committee to report a suitable organization for the Convention: WENDELL PHILLIPS, OLIVER JOHNSON, and NATHANIEL WHITING.

This Committee subsequently made the following report:

President.

EDMUND QUINCY, of Dedham, Mass.

Vice Presidents.

RODNEY FRENCH, of New Bedford.
FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston.
SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, N. Y
DAVID S. GRANDIN, of Portland, Me.
LUTHER MELENDY, of Amherst, N. H
DANIEL MITCHELL, of Pawtucket, R. I.
GEORGE DOUGHTY, of New York

Secretaries.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., of Boston.
GEORGE W. PUTNAM, of Lynn.

Business Committee.

WM. L. GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND JACKSON, SAMUEL J. MAY, ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, HENRY C. WRIGHT, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, LUCY STONE, PARKER PILLSBURY, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, OLIVER JOHNSON.

Finance Committee.

JAMES N. BUFFUM, of Lynn; LEWIS FORD, of Abington; NATHANIEL B SPOONER, of Plymouth; JOSHUA T. EVERETT, of Princeton.

The President, on taking the Chair, thanked the Convention for the honor they had done him, and spoke of the note-worthy fact, that the first New England Anti-Slavery Convention met, seventeen years ago, in the same hall in which we were now assembled; that the Anti-Slavery Cause which had been going on from that period, enlarging itself, and adding to its numbers, which had entered and taken possession of legislative halls, and even of the National Capitol, making itself felt and feared everywhere, had now returned to occupy for a season this place which had been earliest opened to it, and in which its infant energies had been nursed. The President invited all persons present to participate in the discussions.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., from the Committee of Arrangements, explained the circumstances of the contracted space to which we were, and of necessity, should be, confined through these meetings. Larger halls were found pre-engaged. As to Faneuil Hall, though we waited long for a reply to our application for its use, we have waited in vain; the Mayor and Aldermen of the city apparently being unwilling or afraid to say *yes*, and ashamed, from a decent regard to consistency, to say *no*.

A printed sheet of Anti-Slavery hymns and songs having been prepared for the meeting, the first hymn was sung.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the whole action of the city government in regard to the use of Faneuil Hall for the Anti-Slavery enterprise, has been, from the beginning, of one character, a systematic purpose to crush opinions by an illegal use of power, and to trample on the rights of the minority—rendered more insulting occasionally, by a timidity which sought to veil its purpose under some plausible pretence; at one time, it has been refused to us outright; at another, burdened with the expense of a large corps of police, forbidden to aid anybody but the rioters; at another, leased to us at an exorbitant rent, exacted, in its full amount, only from us; but the present position of the Mayor and Aldermen, shutting us out on a rule which they confessed fairly excluded Mr. Webster and his friends, but which they immediately reversed in their favor, quailing before a public sentiment they dared not meet; yet still holding to their rule as to ourselves; that such a course exhibits so utter a disregard of law and impartiality, so sordid an ambition for office, such despicable fawning on the wealthy and influential few, as have doubtless won them the hearty contempt of those they have sought to propitiate, and will soon make them equally the pity of all honest and reflecting men.

Resolved, That after a careful consideration of all that a venal press or a time-serving pulpit has been able to offer, we still adhere to our original opinion: that while, on the one hand, every man is bound to educate and enlighten his conscience by the use of the best means within his reach, so, on the other hand, every man's own idea of right is, for the time being, his highest rule of action; that no human law can justify any man in doing an act which, at the time, he considers morally wrong; that no amount of expected benefit, to himself or others, can justify a man in doing such an act, whether the benefit be an increase of his business and wealth, the preservation of peace, or of the perpetuity of the Union; that it is presumptuous in any man to suppose that God cannot guide the world in safety, or bless the nations, unless his creatures aid him by saying what they know to be false, and doing what they know to be wrong—unless, at least, the Divine Being repeals his statute, and orders us, on fitting occasions, to 'do evil that good may come.'

Resolved, That this is our theory of civil obedience. In matters indifferent, the majority have the right to decide what the law shall be, and when such law is once made, every good citizen is bound to give his cordial aid in carrying it out, while it stands; in matters, involving a moral right and wrong, while States are bound by the same rules of justice that individuals are, still, as long as government exists, it must be left with the majority to decide what, in their opinion is right, and for the particular nation, what is law; but, in regard to such matters and such laws, the individual citizen has not only the right, but is bound to refuse obedience, if he believes the acts ordered to be morally wrong, and to act, in his discretion, precisely as he would have done, had no such law existed. The nation may compensate itself by the exaction of penalties, but any theory which bids one man submit his moral convictions, and square his actions by the votes of a majority, is anti-republican, tyrannical, unchristian, and atheistical.

Resolved, therefore, That whether the Fugitive Slave Law be constitutional or not—whether, as is hypocritically alleged, it be necessary to the peace and prosperity of this nation or not—it forms no justification whatever for any man who thinks that returning a slave to his master is wrong, but that, on the contrary, every such person is bound to trample it under his feet.

Resolved, That, in the promulgation of this opinion, we are not setting forth the doctrine that our consciences or convictions are to be law for this nation, or for the ruling majority; but we do claim that they are to be law for the guidance of our own actions—and that no fancied obligations of citizenship can force a man from his duty to make them so.

Resolved, That we should gladly support the present Union of these States if it 'established justice, ensured domestic tranquility, provided for the common defence, promoted the general welfare, and secured the blessings of liberty'; but since the history of the past shows us that it has failed to do either, in the best and highest sense of the word, and since there is nothing in the present condition of affairs that can offer even a probability of its securing any of those benefits in time to come, we, guided by the lamp of experience, and acting on the best judgement of the present, look to the destruction of the American Union as the dawn of hope for the oppressed, and as opening a clear field for the unfolding of those principles and institutions which the fathers of New England endured so much to bring and plant here.

Resolved, That we are not blind to the benefits, such as they are, resulting to some classes and some interests, from the union of these States; our only question is, Have we a right to purchase them at such a price as is asked—to sacrifice for the attainment of such benefits the liberty and manhood of three millions of colored men, to put to hazard the legal rights of twelve millions of white men, the purity and independence of the pulpit, the press and the bench—to tempt thousands to smother their conscientious convictions, in order to carry out inhuman laws, to poison the theology and degrade the moral sense of the nation, to disgrace it in the eyes of the world, to wreck this experiment of self government, and crush the hopes of struggling millions on the other side of the Atlantic by strengthening the hands of their oppressors with the example of a republic more cruel than any despotism or its laws—on a level with heathenism in the tone of its morals, and giving the lie to all its pretensions of equality by the meanest and most absurd of all aristocracies, that of the skin.

Resolved, That though in the case of Thomas Sims, we deplore the lack of virtue, and of love of liberty and justice which made it possible even for armed men to execute the Fugitive Slave Law in Massachusetts, we are still rejoiced to think that such execution was effected only by multiplied frauds, and the legal conspiracies of men in office, by the solemn lies of some and grossly illegal action of others; that they had to arrest him on a lying pretence, and by a U. S. Marshal in the guise of a Boston watchman—that he could not have been kept but for an unlawful conspiracy between the Mayor of Boston and the U. S. Marshal; that all the cowardice and servility of our Judges and those of the Federal Courts were insufficient to drag him from the protection of Massachusetts law, until eked out by the solemn lie in open court of Mr. Attorney Lunt, countenanced, as indeed it was necessary to gain any credit, by a hitherto respectable member of the Suffolk Bar; and that even then he might have been saved, had a *man* been High Sheriff of Suffolk; and that after all, the kidnappers did not dare to show their victim to the men of Massachusetts, but skulked with him, by night, on board the pirate ship of one whose name has long been the disgrace of even Boston merchants.

Resolved, That we hold a corrupt pulpit and press responsible for the fact that it was possible to find in Boston men willing to smother their conscientious convictions, and execute a law they knew to be inhuman and unjust; a press proclaiming the doctrine that the preservation of this Union is the first and highest duty of Americans, and a pulpit preaching the gospel that a citizen has no right to judge of the rightfulness of the laws he is called to obey, but that, in the words of Rev. Dr. Daniel Sharp, 'it is his duty to obey the laws, wise or unwise, right or wrong.'

Resolved, That since recent experience shows us that the courts of the Commonwealth only echo public opinion, we will strive for such a change in the appointment of Judges that they shall echo the opinion of the present day, not that of fifty years ago—of the State, not of State street.

Resolved, That the obligation to allow the slaveholder to take back his fugitive slave rests on every voting citizen of the Union, and that no honest man, acknowledging such citizenship, can, with a good conscience, exert himself to thwart or resist him.

Resolved, That when we look at the overwhelming public opinion and the immense physical odds arrayed against them, we claim for the rescuers of Shadrach the same heroism, and the same right to the gratitude and admiration of mankind, that history and the country claim for Washington and Hancock.

Resolved, That as liberty is a self-evident, inalienable right of every human being, we can have no respect for any law or constitution, any religion or government, or any book or being, that sanctions Slavery.

Resolved, That it is as absurd, as wicked and injurious to our social moral nature, to join with slaveholders to 'establish justice' and 'secure the blessings of liberty,' as it would be to seek counsel and aid of liars to promote truth, or of thieves to secure property, or of murderers and pirates to protect life, or of idolators to establish Christianity; inasmuch as, by so doing, we practically recognize the earth's most cruel and unscrupulous oppressors as the lovers and friends of justice and liberty, and practically say to the world—Liberty and Slavery may exist in loving harmony, under the equal protection of the same government, the same religion and the same God

Resolved, That we owe it as a sacred duty to God and man, to seek the dissolution of a Union that in its very nature is bound to extend equal protection to the slaveholders and the friends of freedom; to the impure and the pure; to the false and the true; to the thief and the honest man.

Voted, That the first resolution—relating to the course of the city government—be taken up for discussion.

W. L. GARRISON and Parker Pillsbury sustained the resolution.

On motion, Elbridge Sprague, of Abington, was added to the Finance Committee.

The discussion on the first resolution was continued by Stephen S. Foster, of Worcester; W. L. Garrison, J. N. Buffum, of Lynn, and Wendell Phillips, of Boston.

Adjourned to 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON.

After coming to order, and singing the second hymn, the Convention again took up the first resolution. It was spoken to by S. S. Foster, W. Phillips, again by S. S. Foster, and by C. C. Burleigh, of Connecticut, and was then unanimously adopted.

Loud and continued calls were made for George Thompson, when, on motion of Mr. E. Thompson, of Walpole, the resolutions before the Convention were laid on the table.

The calls for Mr. Thompson not subsiding, that gentleman rose, being greeted with general and hearty cheers. He thanked the Convention for the honor and kindness shown to him, and expressed his deep interest in the discussion which was going on, but begged to be excused from speaking at that time, and to be permitted to retire. In the evening, he hoped to address some observations to the Convention.

Voted, On motion of Rev. Daniel Foster, of Concord, to take up the third, fourth and fifth resolutions.

They were sustained by Mr. Foster in a brief, but very stirring and eloquent speech. W. L. Garrison and H. C. Wright also spoke upon the resolutions.

Adjourned, to meet at 7 1-2 o'clock, at Cochituate Hall.

EVENING.

The Convention met according to adjournment. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and the time was occupied by addresses from Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y., and George Thompson, M. P., of England.

Adjourned, to meet at Boylston Hall, on Wednesday at 10, A. M.

WEDNESDAY.

Met at Boylston Hall; the President in the chair. The third hymn was sung.

The third, fourth and fifth resolutions were adopted.

Rev. D. Foster, of Concord, moved to take up the ninth resolution, relating to the pulpit and the press, to which the Convention agreed; and Mr. Foster sustained the same in a very uncompromising and earnest speech.

PARKER PILLSBURY, of New Hampshire, also advocated the resolution.

WENDELL PHILLIPS spoke with especial reference to raising the means necessary to sustain and carry forward the cause in New England, during the coming year.

W. L. GARRISON and David S. Grandin, of Portland, Maine, spoke in support of the resolution.

Adjourned, to meet in Chardon Street Chapel, at 2 1-2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON.

Met in Chardon street Chapel; Geo. Doughty, one of the Vice Presidents, in the chair.

The Convention was addressed by Daniel S. Whitney, of Boylston, showing some of the influences which restrain ministers from a faithful and impartial preaching of the truth.

The discussion was continued by H. C. Wright, Jas N. Buffum, Parker Pillsbury, (who read extracts of the most painful and disgraceful nature from recent discourses on the Fugitive Slave Law, by Rev. Mr. Crowell, of Waterville, Me., and Rev. Dr. Sharp of Boston,) Mr. Titcomb, of Boston, Wendell Phillips, N. S. Whiting, of Marshfield, S. S. and Abby K. Foster.

The resolution (the ninth) was then adopted unanimously.

W. L. GARRISON, with a few remarks, expressive of the deep interest he felt in the present place of our meeting,—it having been the scene of many of the early struggles and victories of the cause,—offered the following resolution:—

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be given to the proprietors of this house, (the Chardon Street Chapel,) and to the Society usually assembling here, for their friendly and generous grant of this house for the meetings of the Convention this afternoon.

The resolution was adopted, with hearty unanimity.

Adjourned, to meet in Cochituate Hall, at a quarter to eight o'clock.

EVENING.

Met in Cochituate Hall; the President in the chair.

After singing a hymn, the Convention was addressed by C. L. Remond, of Salem, Rev. Theodore Parker, and George Thompson, M. P., of England.

Mr. Parker's speech was an able and extended review of Mr. Daniel Webster's course, since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. P. showed the different attitudes which Mr. Webster has taken, North and South, and brought forward the amplest documentary proof.

Mr. THOMPSON gave a careful and connected account of the proceedings of the Colonization Society, whose meeting he had attended that afternoon.

To-morrow (Thursday) afternoon was assigned for taking up the Colonization scheme, and the Convention adjourned, to meet at Boylston Hall on Thursday, at 10, A. M.

THURSDAY.

Met in Boylston Hall; the President in the chair.

The fifth hymn was sung.

Voted, on motion of S. MAY, Jr., to take up the tenth resolution—relating to the appointment of Judges of our State Courts.

Mr. MAY supported the resolution, and advocated the making of the judicial office elective by the people in this Commonwealth.

The discussion was continued by H. C. Wright, Edwin Thompson, J. C. Cluer, C. L. Remond, and Mr. Titcomb.

The resolution was then adopted.

The following resolution, moved by H. C. Wright, and seconded by W. L. Garrison, was then taken up:

Resolved, That to place a MAN upon trial before a jury of his *peers*, to determine the question whether he is a man or an article of merchandize, is a contradiction in terms, a prostitution of the right of trial by jury, and an insult, at once, to the dignity of man, and to the God by whom man has been created with the 'inalienable right to life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.'

The resolution was supported by George Thompson, Esq., in an admirable speech, whose eloquence electrified the audience, which filled the hall to its utmost limits. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Thompson, in the strongest manner, de

infernal system of Slavery, would again record its deliberate condemnation of the American Colonization Society, every development of whose spirit and design proves it to be the friend and ally of Slavery and the instrument of an insolent and fiendish prejudice, the legitimate offspring of that system which has dehumanized three millions of God's children, created for 'glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life.'

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Adjourned to meet at 1-4 to 8 o'clock, in Cochituate Hall.

EVENING.

Met in Cochituate Hall; the President in the chair.

A hymn being sung, addresses on the general subject were made by Charles L. Remond, by Edmund Quincy (who spoke of the military display in the city the day previous, and proposed that the Boston Brigade, in honor of its late important services in the Fugitive Slave Case, should be called and henceforth known as the *Sims Brigade*), by Wendell Phillips, and by Geo. Thompson, Esq.

W. L. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Whereas, it being solemnly set forth in the Bill of Rights of Massachusetts, that every human being has a natural and an inalienable right to liberty, and to defend that right under all circumstances and at every hazard; and whereas, all the judges of the State Courts all the members of the legal profession, and all jurors, are under solemn oaths to uphold the Bill of Rights aforesaid; therefore

Resolved, That to place a human being on trial, in this Commonwealth, to determine whether he is the property of another, is to trample the Bill of Rights of Massachusetts in the dust; and every judge, lawyer or juror consenting to such a trial is a self-convicted criminal of no ordinary stamp.

Resolved, That the men who so promptly rescued Shadrach out of the clutches of the kidnappers who sought to reduce him to chattel Slavery, instead of having committed a crime, for which they are deserving of punishment, performed an heroic and noble act, for which they should be held in everlasting remembrance; and if any of them shall be convicted by the courts, it will be to their honor, and not to their shame, but rather to the eternal infamy of those who framed and those who executed the diabolical enactment under which that is adjudged to be felony which, in the sight of God, is an act of mercy and benevolence.

Resolved, That the crowning disgrace of the city of Boston is in having such a Mayor for its chief municipal officer; that he has shown himself to be among the most lawless of men, first, by conniving at and consenting to a riotous suppression of a perfectly lawful meeting, convened to promote the sacred cause of freedom, and to welcome to these shores one of its most distinguished and most uncompromising champions; secondly, in trampling upon the laws of the Commonwealth which he has sworn to uphold; thirdly, in employing the constabulary and military power of the city in keeping the Court House in chains, and holding in captivity a man illegally arrested, and finally in precipitating him into the hell of Southern Slavery.

Resolved, That with a Mayor who is recreant to his oath, and a Marshal who avows his determination to be as lawless as his employer shall at any time desire him to be, there is no real security in Boston, either for life or liberty, but every thing valuable or precious is in constant jeopardy.

Resolved, That we regard the visit of George Thompson to these shores as having been singularly well-timed, and already productive of the most cheering result; that we rejoice at his presence on this occasion; that, in view of his approaching embarkation for England, this Convention tenders to him its profoud respect, its warm admiration, its sincere gratitude, and its fervent benediction; and earnestly expresses the hope that he will soon be with us again, not as a transient but as a permanent laborer in the sacred cause of universal emancipation.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted; and it was.

Voted, That the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society be requested to prepare a Farewell Soiree, in honor of Mr. Thompson, to be held at the most convenient time prior to his embarking for England.

The remaining resolutions before the Convention were then adopted.

Voted, To adjourn, *sine die*.

EDMUND QUINCY, *President*.

SAMUEL MAY, JR., GEORGE W. PUTNAM, } *Secretaries*.

Communications.

THE COURTSHIP OF IRON AND SLAVERY.

IN *The Standard* of the 24th, ult., which has just reached me, from some cause — perhaps because of our Fillmorean administration being too much engaged in the business of slavecatching to look after that of mailcarrying—my attention has been arrested by the following paragraph:

THE PRICE OF IRON AND COAL.—Pennsylvania has repealed her Act of 1839 relating to the Capture of Fugitive Slaves. Henceforth her jails are open as slaveholding baracoons, and her officers are permitted to engage, with impunity, in the exciting sport of hunting men. It is also confidently anticipated that the next Congress will grant a Tariff on Coal and Iron.—*A. S. Standard*.

—I have not only not the least doubt as to such an expectation, but ample opportunities, which were afforded by my sojourn in the Federal City, during the famous, or rather infamous, 'long session' of Congress, were too frequent for the detection of the plannings and plottings of the Compromisers, to permit me to doubt as to a direct, because pre-arranged, connection between the humiliating retrograde step of the Pennsylvania Legislature referred to and the Compromise measures of the last Congress.

The approaches and overtures made by Southern representatives to the more maleable members from the Keystone State, were open and undisguised, and were to be descried in the arrangment of the Standing Committees—such as the placing of that most willing-spirited servant of the Slave interest, James Thompson, at the head of the Judiciary Committee, from which favorable position he moved the 'gag' of the previous question upon the Fugitive Bill, as you will remember! It was discernable, alike, in every subsequent arrangement. Of course, it was not advisable to approach the less doughy Pennsylvanians in so direct a manner.—But where there was a will suspected there was a way readily discovered; and even the most incoruptible of them were approached, without waiting for the suspicion of a will. Among the latter may be classed the the eloquent and able representative from the Lancaster district, Thaddeus Stevens. Now, 'old Thad' as he is familiarly called, was known to be largely interested in this 'iron business,' and hence the Compromisers were loth to 'give it up so.' Various were the attempts to attract him with their loadstone of self-interest, but in vain, as his masterly and peculiarly annoying, because truthful, *exposés* plainly indicated. Happening to overhear one one of the sly overtures made to him. I will describe the scene.

It was best, of course, to send a Senator to Mr. Stevens, and one of becoming *suaviter in modo*. He was, seemingly, found in the person of Sam. Houston, (I thus abbreviate the name, because Samuel is distasteful to the General,) between whom and Mr. Stevens the following laconic dialogue passed one day, in the lobby of the House of Representatives, during the ten millions struggle of desperation, in which General Houston did his State a good service, which *ought* to have taught a lesson to certain Northern traitors:

Houston: Good mor-r-or-or-jin-n-g, Mr. Stevens.

Stevens: Good morning, General.

Houston: A fine opportunity is now given our suffering friends of the old Keystone to advance her interests, if they will only embrace it, in that fraternal spirit which the times demand. Now is your time!

Stevens: Do you really think so, General?

Houston: I certainly do. *Everything* depends on on the treatment which the South now receives!

Stevens: Well, I'll think of the matter—replied 'old Thad,' archly and *iron-ically*, as he repossessed himself of his lappels, and moved off in obedience to a sharp appetite, his dinner time having arrived!

—Of course, I have not attempted to give the verbiage of this dialogue. I have only aimed to give its spirit, so far as my memory has carried it to the present hour. Having described it, at the time, in a letter to *The Tribune*,* it was particularly impressed on my memory, as among the many 'stranes' of that memorable session, which so plainly showed how freshly and powerfully the wind was blowing South.

There was another by-scene, not unconnected, perhaps, with this 'anticipated' marriage between Slavery and Iron, which I will now allude to: Among the pressing and importuning crowd of 'lobby-members' in constant watching during the Tariff movements which followed the Compromise measures, and which it was hoped to carry through as a fair return for what was *then* done, was a broad-shouldered Quaker. But not in the lobbies alone did he content himself with working for his craft. (He was a large Iron master, but whether from Pennsylvania or New England, from which latter section a strong influence also came, I know not.) He even worked in the hotels, and other places where Congressmen were wont to congregate.

Imagine General ——— and Friend Broadbrim standing in the centre of the most public room of the National Hotel. The first named presents a tall Indian-like figure. His head wears a white beaver of brim at least six inches wide, and of the most graceful latteral curl. From his bosom projects a profusion of ruffles, which contrast most strikingly with the glaring scarlet linings of a rich mantle which hangs gracefully upon his expansive shoulders. His very attitude is that of the 'warworn veteran'—so *en militaire* is it. It does not even require the epaulette, or the sword, to make one realise the presence of the man whose glory had been won amid the pillage and carnage of those who had never done him any harm, busy as the Devil is—to quote the language of Thomas Carlyle, *that was*.—The second named is a middle aged, though corpulent, Quaker, a memeber of the Society of Friends—which should be but another for the Society of *Peace*. His hat, though not so broad-brimmed as that of the other, is of quite the usual cut. His coat is 'plain' in the technical sense of the word. No ruffles obtrude from his bosom; and indeed his placid face would seem to say that he had been a stranger to 'ruffles' of every kind, down to the present hour of '*distress in the iron districts*.' Now, as he earnestly converses with his strangely contrasting friend, instead of 'a face all smiles,' he wears 'a brow all care.' Thoughts and dreams of Iron seemed to have marked their very impress upon his every feature.

What this strangely matched pair were talking about, I cannot positively pretend to say; but, though not a Yankee, I could not resist the temptation of *guessing*. I did know what was the special business of his visit to Washington, and I also knew that it was not usual for such men to spend much time in mere social confab at such a busy time as that; and I suspect that, had it not been for the influence of the 'almighty dollar,' this and other equally novel associations would not have taken place. It is an old saying that politics makes strange bedfellows. It is emphatically true that the spirit of Compromise, so prevalent of late, has caused some strange associations, and this struck me as one of them.

But I confess that I have not patience to dwell upon the proceedings of Congress under notice, or the incidents thereof. They gave such an exhibition of traitorous depravity, on the part of Northern Representatives, as I was not prepared for by my previous observation of their disposition to succumb to the Southern Representatives. I had observed that, where sentiment was placed in one scale of the balance, and money in the other, the former was always found to kick the beam; but there was a degree of cringing and skulking meanness manifested by many of your Representatives (?) which sunk far beneath my lowest conceptions of servility, much accustomed as I was, in former days, to watch the manifestations of the spirit of Slavery. Vilely conceived and basely arranged as was the *Compromise* (the very term is odious), it presents, after all, but a fair measure of the length and breadth and depth of the moral depravity of the political hucksters who accepted the bargain, on behalf of the nominally free North! And yet there are, I observe, those among the Judases concerned in this betrayal of Freedom who have the hardihood to boast of their participation in 'the price of blood,' thus glorying in their own shame!—conspicuous among whom is one of your own immediate Representatives, who, most unfortunately for Truth and Justice, has a press at his control. Of him it should be sufficient to record that, after he made his boast that he had read seventy volumes to prepare himself to vent his holy horror against the act which secured to the Galphins a few thousand dollars of the money of the Government, he turns round and boasts of aiding that same Government to rob the poor, panting fugitive of that liberty which he has fled to secure—that liberty compared with which money is worse than 'trash.'

But the secret of all this is to be found in the hint which you have afforded in the above quoted paragraph. The instinct of the mutual interest of the Money Power of the North and the South has been awakened, and it has combined for the consummation of the unholy wedlock of these yet unwedded members of the family of Northern Mammon with that of Southern Mammon. When Iron is united to Slavery, in the 'holy bands of wedlock,' with the aid of the pliant Priests of the Compromise Churchhood, then will the arrangement be completed to the joy of the seekers of the alliance. Of *such* a wedlock what other issue can be expected, but Petty Tyranny and Political Oppression, twinned by Religious Hypocrisy and National Shame?

J. E. S.

BALTIMORE, May 5th, 1851.

*It may not be generally known that Dr. Snodgrass, whose identity will be pretty well indicated by the familiar initials affixed to this prophetic sketch, was one of the Washington correspondents of *The Tribune*, during the long session of Congress. It is but justice to him, to state, further, that his independent-toned letters were distinguishable from those of other correspondents by the signature of 'Sigma.'—[*Ed. Stand.*

THE GODS AT SYRACUSE.

FRIEND GAY:—Do you not envy us for such a little rural city? We are becoming quite a subject of notice. For all this we are indebted to the Abolitionists. To be sure, old Onondaga sent a Gott to Congress, and all but sent C. B. Sedgwick; and when the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted the Syracusans held a meeting, at which Mayor Hovey presided, and passed resolutions defiant of that act of infamy. At that meeting a lawyer, I think Mr. Sedgwick, declared to the Marshal that he had in his house a fugitive, and would shed the blood of any officer who attempted to arrest him. Silence prevailed at the American Vatican. The mouths of her prophets denounced no woes upon the central city of the North.

A State Convention was held to consider the Law, and declared open resistance to be every honest man's duty. Still not a word from Head Quarters. George Thompson came, and was welcomed with an enthusiasm which showed where the heart was located. Whether this had any influence we cannot tell; but almost directly after, Palmer V. Kellogg, the United States Marshal, who had been an Abolitionist, and was far from being illy-disposed to the Cause, now suffered decapitation; John T. Bush was appointed in his place.

Then came the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. All the odious measures of the Slave oligarchy received thir share of censure; all of which the Syracusans took in good part. Only the *Star* and *Religious Recorder* spoke out in open disapproval as became 'pious Hunkerism and Silver Greys. *They* did not revile the Gods. The cottonocracy furnished patrons to the *Recorder*, and brandy to the *Star*. Both the *Journal and Standard* treated the Convention courteously.

It was high time to check the impetus of Anti-Slavery feeling, and recall the people to a sense of high constitutional obligation. So the august President of our *free*, happy Confederation, the Godlike Daniel, the eloquent Crittenden & Co., were selected by the Castle Garden Committee to go forth upon the mission of saving the Union. No matter for the *arduous* duties at the seat of Government, nor the illustrious Congress of Nullifiers assembled at the metropolis of Quattlebumdom, Central and Western New York must be quieted. The opening of the New York and Erie Railroad gave the clew. The immortal and the Godlike set out—apostles of the Union. A large number of yellow-covered pamphlets, full of stale, pro-slavery sermons, preached at your city on Thanksgiving day by well paid priests, had been sent out, John the Baptist-like, to prepare the way for this great last Dispensation of Light.

Senator Seward had the ill grace to take a trip on the road at the same time. This would have been well enough if he had not consented to be called out, and made some unpleasant hints about Castle Garden.

Having arrived at Dunkirk, the Presidential party returned by the other route. At Buffalo, Rochester, and other places, they were fed, waited on, and allowed to make Union speeches. Rumor says that at Auburn a reception less courteous was given. As Mr. Fillmore passed through the streets, people pointed him out as the man who signed the Fugitive Slave Law. A hiss attended him, we are told, for quite a little while. He quietly folded his arms, looked as good-natured as possible, and said, "My good people, I did not enact the Fugitive Slave Law."

The advent of this company to Syracuse was announced by two handbills, both of which were plentifully posted up in the most conspicuous parts of the city. The one was from the State office, and called a public meeting. The other was headed in large capitals "United States Kidnappers," and announced that on Tuesday evening a company of kidnappers from the West would arrive. People were warned to be on their guard, that they might not be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law. The exhortation was subjoined—"Prepare to conquer your prejudices."

The company were expected at 8 P. M., but did not come. But a bonfire was made, and patent loaferism let loose, till at midnight, when the roar of the *Lightning* was heard, and all hands hastened to the Railroad Depot to meet the President. The precaution was taken to surround the illustrious fugitive with the military, Sims fashion, till he was passed to the Syracuse House, and confined for the night. Next day Capt. Yard came down from the Onondaga Penitentiary and acted as marshal, to escort him over the city. I went down to the Park to see the show. As the Imperial procession came on, Capt. Yard cried out in a hoarse tone, "Ladies and gentlemen, President Fillmore"; whereupon that amiable functionary took off his hat, smiled graciously, and made a benignant bow. The whole performance lasted till 3 P. M., when a committee from Utica came and took charge of the cortegé, escorted them to the cars, where the admiring *vulgar* were assembled to take a last look. His excellency made one more gracious congee from the platform of the car, then disappeared from view. The *Lightning* roared, a salute of cannon was fired, and away they went.

The Godlike was not in the company. For some reason he chose to defer his triumphal march a few days, and so to rivet the chain which the smooth-tongued Graham and Crittenden had forged.

As the President is no talker, and besides possesses a person too sacred for a familiar gaze we were not treated with his eloquence. It was enough to look at his lofty form, and gaze at that eternally smiling face. But when Daniel came, a talk must be had. So the square by the Market was swept off, and a fresh new plank placed on the *balcony* of the Frazee Block. This constituted his platform.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. on Monday, the affair came off. The *greatest man of the age* showed himself in a white hat. A person whom I do not know addressed the orator. Daniel glared at him as though he was angry. This performance through, the Godlike essayed a bow. His yellow visage seemed scarce permeated with life. He began by praising Syracuse. Next came a self-glorification; then the Constitution; then a dose for Senator Dix for voting to annex Texas, and becoming a "Free Soiler of the first water." He made a sort of a laugh then, exhibiting his teeth; but it was hideous and leopard like. The Compromises next came in course. Those who opposed the Fugitive Slave Law were opposed to any sort of compliance with the requirements of the Constitution. He had sworn, and on his conscience was obliged to keep those requisitions. To hear him aver that he had a conscience was rich. A man whom I had learnt to regard as a sot and outrageous libertine, possessing a conscience? Moloch, Bacchus and Venus must have compounded it. Next was allusion made to the Abolitionists. They had rivetted the chains of the slave, and postponed emancipation to an indefinite period. Their plans of dissolution were treason, treason, treason. Daniel had laid aside his white hat. And as he bellowed treason, the way he belabored the railing with his fist was a caution.

The Fugitive Slave Law, said he, would be sustained. It would be enforced in all the larger cities; *and an arrest would be made in Syracuse at the time of holding the next Anti-Slavery Convention.*

The manner of applauding was curious; it was not spontaneous. Several leaders sat behind the speaker, up in the second story, and when they thought there ought to be a cheer they would clap, and those below who heard would repeat, till the thing was finished. The great body of the audience did not applaud; they came to look upon, and turn away in disgust.

We rambled through the streets in the evening. The subject of the speech, and the orator. But no discussion was had as to the merits of the questions considered. It was debated as to how drunk Daniel was. One man said that he was too thick-tongued and intoxicated to speak easily. Another said he was not drunk enough to be eloquent; and that he had drank only one bottle of wine at the Globe Hotel before coming over. It was, however, conceded that he had drank some. So much for the respect felt for the Secretary of State. But one man did I hear praise the effort.

The most important item connected with the subject is the threat to arrest a fugitive slave at the next Convention. This should be considered on, and proper measures taken to render the boast futile. It is not, probably, the intention of the General Government to make a business of slave-catching. The fugitives are of little value, and it is a costly business. Intimidation is the aim. The North must be made to lick the dust. Hamlet was bought back; Long was arrested; Crafts escaped, Heaven be praised; Shadrach was rescued, and so Sims was kidnapped. What a noble figure the Boston police must have cut sneaking out with Sims in the night, lest the people should see the outrage.

Thus much for matters at Syracuse.—PHI.

LETTER FROM ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 26th, 1851.

Editor Anti-Slavery Standard:

DEAR SIR: During the past week, this city has been visited by President Fillmore, and such of his Cabinet officers as are most deeply imbued with regard for the Union and the "late Compromise measures." As the many newspaper accounts given of the doings and receptions of these distinguished persons, during their late tour, have failed entirely to give the *real* actions and feelings of multitudes of the people gathered to see and hear at the various places they have visited. Such facts as I have been able to gain, as an attentive looker on, during their stay here, may be of some interest to your readers.

Let me say a word before commencing the narration, about the newspaper accounts above spoken of. The charge of failure in so important a matter may seem heavy, but, although David said in his haste "all men are liars," far be it from me to place the conservators of public morals who "write for the papers" in an enlightened country under the same sweeping condemnation with the stiff-necked Jews and benighted Heathen of antiquity.

It is not that these writers utter falsehood deliberately, not at all—their obliquity is all owing to Education and Instinct. They are educated to look upon the office of Chief Executive of a government, "the vital and animating principle" of which John Quincy Adams truition of Slavery" as one which invests him who holds it with an "awe and majesty above that of kings, and must lead all who see the President to honor him. Instinct, too, is a "great thing,"—honest Jack Falstaff knew the "heir apparent" by Instinct, and offered him no indignity even when disguised as a robber. The Scripture saith "the ass knoweth his owner and the ox his master's crib,"—so by Instinct these writers know their masters, and bend so low in their presence that they cannot see—poor creatures—men walking upright about them. Thus doth my Charity, that chiefest of virtues, cover a multitude of sins.

But to the veritable narration: On Tuesday morning of last week, some two or three thousand persons assembled on Central Square (through which the cars pass), some to *welcome* the President and his Secretaries, more to *see* them; the cars came in, as usual, at 9 1-2 o'clock, but the Great Expected Ones came not; the people must wait another hour, at the expiration of which time an extra train rolled into the Square, and the dignitaries made their appearance.

Some cheering, which might have been heard at a goodly distance, was given, but it seemed to be—like the professions of modern Pharisees—from the lips outward, not deep and hearty. A cannon was placed near at hand, and a national salute fired as an exponent of that grade of patriotism which can only find vent in the prodigious volume of *gas* which gunpowder generates by its explosion, and the great noise made during the process. A goodly parade of Military and the Fire Companies formed in procession with such carriages as had been provided or volunteered, and men on horseback and on foot made up an array of respectable length which moved through some of the principal streets to Washington Square, a distance of nearly a mile. Bells were rung, loud and stirring music pealed forth, ladies crowded unto balconies to see the sight, and some waved their handkerchiefs for want of anything more rational to do.

From the office of the *Democrat*, a Seward Whig paper, hung a banner labelled "Kentucky patriotism" in honor of Mr. Crittenden; from the *American* office, the Fillmore organ, was stretched another with the motto "The Compromises of 1787 and 1850," beneath which (in token of servitude) the procession passed. It was meet enough that the first and last link in the chain that binds this slaveholding confederacy together should thus be placed in juxtaposition, but still the motto was the source of much bitter feeling, and its display at such a time deemed, by the majority, no better than a deliberate insult. Not a tithe probably of the inhabitants are in favor of the last Compromise, whatever they may think of the first. The *Daily Times*, a penny paper, published here, states, with commendable independence, that some of the military threw off their uniforms and refused to form a part of the procession. Farther up the street the motto "To the Defender of the Constitution" was suspended, but this all went for nothing, as said Defender was detained in Buffalo, either by the illness of his son Fletcher, (caused probably by excitement and over exertion during his famous passage at arms with a Boston watchman, which your Boston Correspondent has so truly chronicled,) by a wish to make some political capital on his "*own hook*," or by an inability to tear himself away too suddenly from the good cheer of that city. I speak thus indefinitely for want of more positive knowledge.

Passing by without mentioning many incidents worthy of note, let me say that when the procession reached the square a large concourse of people were in waiting, and, after the forming of a passage by the military, the President, *suite*, and escort, marched to the stand. As he made his appearance and took his seat not a voice was raised, *not a cheer uttered* by the audience. The Mayor made a speech to him, and as he rose to reply, one of the Editors of the *American* proposed "three cheers for the President," which were given as in duty bound, and fortunate, indeed, it is that said Editor was so thoughtful as to remind the people of their duty, as otherwise probably not a vocal expression of it would have been made.

It is useless to say much about the speeches, the burthen of all was the Union, the Constitution, and the Compromises. The President, however, varied his by a few words in favor of the Canal enlargement, well adapted, as Almanac makers say, to this latitude. Secretary Crittenden also informed his hearers, by way of variety, that at the South, although they were divided politically as Whigs, "*Dimocrats*," &c., yet when great questions vital to the existence of the Union came up they were United. Secretary Graham assumed the overseer air with an ease which could only be the result of experience, and took pains to tell those present that the South expected the Northern people to abide by the Compromise measures (or, in plain American, *ketch their niggers*), and if they did not do so, he wished to see punishment follow; meted out, not to the common transgressors alone, but to the *leaders more especially*—a piece of information which was listened to quietly and *might* have been received by a few as another evidence of the harmony of feeling which keeps bright the "golden links" of the Union.

Occasionally through the hour and a half occupied by the speakers a cheer was raised, started by the *fuglemen* on the stand, and responded to by such of the crowd as liked to make a noise, no matter what about. I noticed especially a huge fellow, whose brains nearly all occupied the base of the skull, and whose facial development exhibited that size and prominence of the jaw which never fails to indicate a low and course organization, who made a most prodigious outcry. A student, also belonging to the University of this city, shouted and clapped, as he said himself, "just for the fun of the thing," and a few officeholders rent the dull air with loyal shouts, but I can truly say, that not one single hearty, intelligent response was made to a sentiment uttered from the stand.

About noon, the procession formed again, moved to Congress Hall, dispersed, and some hundred or more of the *elect* dined with the dignitaries. The people went home tired, and the greater part vexed and displeased. The general feeling seemed to be, that they were willing enough to treat *the President* with decent respect, but this cramming so large a dose of the "late Compromises" down their throats, under the guise of a Presidential reception, was more than they cared to submit to. The City officers had voted in Common Council to appropriate *five hundred dollars* to pay necessary expenses, and this has caused a good deal of ill-feeling since the thing has taken such a *compromising turn*. The *American* folks, Editors and *attachés*, are in high feather, consoling themselves for their unpopularity at home by hopes of more fodder being thrown into their crib from Uncle Sam's granary on the Potomac. A clique of officeholders are pleased, but the *Daily Democrat* (Seward Whig) is dissatisfied, and says so; the people have less regard for the President than before his visit, and compromise stock stands lower than for some time past in market here. A baker's dozen of such "receptions" would aid much to destroy all prospects of future success, and lay Millard Fillmore on the shelf, dead, politically.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the three Compromisers left for Syracuse, per express train. At their departure more cheering was gotten up by due effort, and to cap the climax in that way, the Engineer gave three most doleful and piercing screams from the whistle of the locomotive, whereat, doubtless, the great men must have been delighted and astonished. A little incident occurred, amidst the "noise and confusion," worth recording, since it shows how wide an influence the faithful discharge of duty on the part of one officer has over others, even in distant parts of the country:

A colored man in the crowd, while others were calling for cheers for the "President," "Old Kentuck," &c., &c., called "three cheers for the Fugitive Slave Bill, *when it is repealed*," whereat one of the chief officers of the Constabulary force of the City (in emulation doubtless of Marshal Tukey of Boston during that perilous time when the existence of the Union was perilled by that negro, Sims, and his abettors) made at him with a sword cane in great wrath, commanding silence, and using some rather "tall language;" however, the people closed around the colored man and the baffled constable had no room to display his valor, but beat a rather hasty retreat. Thus ended the first reception. In regard to the second, viz: that of Daniel Webster, as the Great expounder was not the guest of the city, remained only a few hours, and made but a short speech, the account can be like his visit—short.

On Friday morning, at 9 1-2 o'clock, a large number of persons had gathered in the Arcade where he was advertised to speak; the *hour* came, but the *man* came not, although the cars did. An hour after in the next train the "defender of the Constitution" arrived; meanwhile the people became uneasy waiting, and, not knowing the reason of his non-appearance, began to question each other; at least one man—with a small development probably of the organ of reverence—cried out "drunk," and the cry was passed from one to another in a manner so audible and hearty that had the subject of the brief but meaning remark stood in the street he might have heard it.

When he came the cheering was better than for Fillmore, but still not of the genuine kind such as people *can't help but give*. He spoke only some ten minutes, subject, *of course*, the Union, &c., mainly, but took pains to inform the people that the United States Constitution was a law high enough for him.

He then walked back to Congress Hall, escorted by several leading citizens of the "respectable and influential" class, people looking on with a strange kind of curiosity. At an after-dinner-speech he said that from his Niblo Garden Speech in, 1837, to the present time, he had not changed, that he never had and never should consent to the admission of the slave States from free territory, a sort of "artful dodge" around his recreancy to the Proviso binding the territories to be free, and his famed speech ridiculing the re-enactment of the law of God which shows that he has expertness as well as power, although the latter has been deemed his greatest attribute. Mr. Webster left in the afternoon for Syracuse, and thus ended the second reception. Before closing, let me say that the able and patriotic editor of of the *Daily Advertiser*, who has been sadly out of tune since the departure of George Thompson for want of some fit opportunity to display his love of our "institutions," has from beginning to end praised *all*—Fillmore, Crittenden, Graham, and last, but not least, Webster, laying aside all partisan feelings and devoting his efforts with praiseworthy disinterestedness to what he calls "*the* leading question of the day—the all-absorbing and momentous question, the preservation of our Union" If the men he praises know it by the [illegible] tion in which said Editor is held here, and wished to stand well with the people of Rochester, they would have begged him to keep silence, and prayed fervently —"Lord deliver us from our friends." G. B. S.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, May 9th, 1851.

MY DEAR GAY,—The Grand Exhibition is opened, but *I* am not there; and the Queen, lords, and commons, with the Congress of Nations that assembled on the 1st of May to help them at the inauguration, had to get on as well as they could without me. To be sure, although by all accounts it went off very successfully in my absence, it would have been very much pleasanter had I been there—for *my* enjoyment, which would have been exceeding great, would have helped materially to help the hum of delight. This is between ourselves. The unsympathizing crowd would say I was selfish to think thus, and foolish to express my opinion; but you know as well as I do that a body can't help thinking himself in some sort essential to the completeness of things as they are, in this "visible diurnal sphere." What would all creation be to any body, if *he* did not form part of it?—and we are apt to look back unto the distant past before "our own time," and forward into the far future, as if the laws of nature operated and are to operate in some very different and less real way than when they have the present privilege of *our* important presence. When the housemaid's brush swept down the Spider that Swift tells us of, the poor fellow roared out lustily that the end of the world was come—and he was not far wrong. Creation immediately became a blank to *him*. Always provided that animals have no souls—which is not now under discussion. I hope not—existence can't be any great delight to multitudes of them—and then from motives of self-preservation one would not like to believe that some creatures had an eternity in prospect which they would surely employ to the injury of others. For example—it would be a dreadful thing to stumble into a heaven of mosquitoes and rattlesnakes. I was about to add, "and Websters, Deweys, Coxes, and MacDuffies"—but this would not be in good taste—so we shall say nothing about it.

I saw our friend Richard Allen yesterday, fresh from the glories of the inauguration—as vivacious as if he had nothing to do with growing old, and as full of the anticipated benefits of Prince Albert's Idea as an egg is of meat. He tells me that the Crystal Palace itself is the grandest part of the show, and that he has seen thirty-five thousand *bodies* there together. It would be unsafe to reckon a soul to each in such a thing, for there is no saying how many Carolinian chivalry or New York merchants may have mingled in the crowd. I find myself getting intolerant as my hair gets greyer, and from the narrowness of mind contracted from too much dwelling on one subject. I am less and less able to look on American Slavery with the patience and complacency befitting a philosophic mind—or to treat its perpetrators and abettors with the courtesy to which strangers in a strange land are generally entitled. I am apprehensive this narrow-mindedness is spreading on our side of the Herring-pond, and an idea is even getting abroad that the mission of Barclay and Perkin's draymen, or something analagous to it, is not at an end; and that inasmuch as these celebrated champions of outraged humanity, earned and received the hearty thanks of the three kingdoms in the matter of Haynau, there is also a great moral lesson to be taught, by some process of social ostracism, to those "Southern gentlemen," our visitors, in whose "peculiar domestic institution," the right, power, and practice of flogging women is an essential element. Haynau is a brute. He sacked towns and gave their inhabitants up to murder and outrage. He hanged some of the most illustrious and bravest patriots that ever lived. But his great crime in English eyes was women-flogging. Why, I would be glad to know, should American slaveholders, women-floggers by profession, have free course here, when the rope, the ducking pond, or tar and feathers are the fate that any one has to expect who remonstrates with them on their own soil against their iniquities? Whilst people who take up individual sins and act them out, are scouted as unfit for society, there is no reason why insolent villains, who sin by wholesale, should be allowed to show their brazen faces wherever they go. And not only these but their misguided abettors and the wolves in sheep's clothing who defend their iniquity. I hope some stop will be put to this absurdity. Indeed, I happen to know two people in Bristol—you would think if you saw them they were the quietest creatures in the world, who have "lit up such a flame in England" as I hope will expose the slaveholders and pro-slavery clergy who may visit England in the present season, to a catechism more searching than agreeable. Great numbers of the Religious Papers have taken the matter up, and Rogers, Dewey, Cox, & Co., have already attained an unenviable notoriety by the publication of elegant extracts from the most iniquitous of their recent sermons and speeches.

Still a great work remains to be done. I happen to know the Society of Friends very well, having been born and "raised" among them. I know that in their number were many of the most zealous of those helpers of Clarkson, Wilberforce and Buxton, and that the abolition of the British Slave Trade, of West Indian Slavery, and the subsequent apprenticeship was greatly due to their exertions. But the struggle to overthrow American Slavery is a very different matter from that which abolished Slavery in the West Indies. In the West Indies we had only to contend with a few small colonies and their comparatively few, though powerful, aristocratic proprietors in England. In the United States there is a nation to overcome. Slavery is rooted like an oak in your soil. The politics, the religion, and the pecuniary interests of the country have become interested in its support. Where Slavery is attacked they are all offended, and shriek like exorcised fiends. The intercourse between Friends here and in America is constant and intimate. There may be 23,000 members of the Society in Great Britain and Ireland. There are not fewer than 100,000 in the United States. An epistolary correspondence is kept up across the Atlantic. At the Dublin Yearly Meeting which has just taken place, eight epistles were received, and, I believe, as many prepared in reply. There were also several preachers from America, and one, at least, who had spent many years in visiting Friends in the United States. American "public friends" (as Quaker preachers are called), are generally good Whigs, and staunch admirers of the great Whig leaders. A year or two since, a long-coated, broad-brimmed, New Bedford Friend, very rich, who sat in the "gallery," talked to me with enthusiasm of Henry Clay, and spoke as if the abolition of American Slavery would be a certain consequence of his advent to power. This year, Friends were rejoiced by the presence of a preacher from Rhode Island, also a Whig, who, in conversation with a friend of mine, admitted that your Constitution mainsained Slavery by some of its provisos, but pleaded that but for the Institution the Union could not be maintained, and the British would then come in and destroy you all. I have heard it admitted by very "plain" friends that the social influence of American ministers was inurious to the Anti-Slavery zeal of Friends in these countries. I know that this is true of English and Irish members who have been in America. They palliate and apologise, and thus do an immensity of mischief. When you consider that Friends claim the same *quality* of inspiration for their preachers that people in general attribute to the authors of the Bible, you cannot wonder that the social influences of the presumed possessors of such a gift is very great. The imagination is carried captive, and the understanding confounded in the presence of the Special Messengers of God. I was much impressed after one of the late meetings to see, in a crowd of Friends, the expression of sweetness and deferential veneration that mantled the countenance of a lovely young woman as she paid her respects to, and pressed her hospitalities on, one of these very men, who, I fear, has done more moral injury by his ill-directed social influence upon Friends in Ireland, than he has ever done them good by his pulpit eloquence. All the Epistles sent to America this year contained a paragraph expressive of the concern felt by the Society on the subject of Slavery. Most of them likewise referred to the Fugitive Slave Bill in terms of reprobation—but they expressed fully as much concern for the sufferings which they presumed "Friends" would be subjected to, in withstanding its operations, as for the unhappy colored people who are the immediate objects of its diabolical enactments. The language in all of them was wishy-washy, milk-and-water, not the earnest words they would use if their own dear friends were kidnapped, outraged, and subjected to life-long robbery like the slaves. The Friends dont't bring the matter home to them. They say, and I believe sincerely, that they feel deeply on account of the sins of Slavery—but I doubt whether their feelings are as deep as they think. If they were, they would do more. If their child were gone astray, or a man was drowning before their eyes, they would act as they felt. No people are more prompt in emergencies that really concern them. They would not recommend people who should assist them to look for the child "on every right opportunity"—or to reach out a hand to the drowning man "as way may open." This language is common in Quaker Epistles when Slavery is in question. I loathe such expressions. They are no better than cant, and when Friends are "rightly" awakened to this momentous subject, they will leave it off, and talk as men do who *have* strong convictions. A friend of my own told the assembled Sanhedrim a piece of his mind in very plain English, as to the necessity of examining this subject for themselves, and of withstanding the deleterious pro-slavery influence of the pro-slavery Americans, of whatever class, who come amongst us. He spoke of the necessity of earnestness in this cause, even if it were but for the sake of our moral sanatory safety, and observed that when a people become tolerant of Slavery, the step is a short one to total moral indifference and want of principle. These remarks called forth no response but I believe they made some impression upon a few who heed what is said more than the manner of saying it—and every truly awakened mind must be startled by the recital of the brutality and baseness of the Great American Conspiracy against liberty. Some very good sort of people, who are also "very concerned" Friends, look on American Slavery as a thing the Americans only have to do with. Such people seem to forget that this dreadful institution is worst of all in its moral aspect; that the mischief it makes in this way is contagious; and that if we do not come out from its sin, we must be partakers of its plagues.

Religious bigotry is a terrible damper of Anti-Slavery zeal. You know how shamefully the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have behaved from this single motive. They could not act with Garrison and other better men than themselves, simply because the latter presumed to differ from them on some points of theological and political speculation. They loved the slave much, but they hated Garrison and those he represents more. Their religious bigotry was and is too much for their Anti-Slavery zeal. When the venerable and excellent Isaac T. Hopper visited Ireland, about twenty years ago, Friends were warned against inviting him to their homes, because he happened to belong to a different section of the same denomination as their own; whilst any man who wears a broad brim and plain clothes is received with open arms, no matter how much he may cloak over and apologize for "the sum of all villainies," always provided he belongs to their own faction. Isaac T. Hopper is an honor to humanity, and I reverence him, whilst I abhor those pretenders to inspiration who make their position a means of bringing the virus of pro-slavery meanness and wickedness into our borders. When we, or those dear to us, are in danger or distress, we judge of those who come to our aid by their acts, not by their professions; and if I were in Slavery, I would not thank any body who refused to help my most devoted friend, on the ground that that there was a hitch in their creed. As far as my observation goes, Friends in these countries are an extremely timorous people. They exercise little moral independence, and dread those who do. The result is, that, as a general thing, they give up the fulfilment of their Anti-Slavery duties to the British and Foreign Committee, just as the Roman Catholic commits the care of his soul to the priest (both blind guides!), and content themselves with an annual

Poetry.

LINES ON SPRING.

BY D. H. WHITE.

(*For The Standard.*)

THE gloomy Winter now is o'er,
And lovely Spring has come once more
With all its pleasing train—
The chilly winds have ceased to blow,
And storms no more of hail or snow
Sweep over hill and plain.

Where lately in the forest trees,
The moaning of the passing breeze
On roaring winds were heard,
Now, softer sounds fall on the ear,
Bland zephyrs fan us, and we hear
Again, the singing bird.

The earth puts on its wonted dress
Of beauty and of loveliness—
Its carpeting of green—
While ope the buds, unfold the flowers,
The woodbine canopies and bowers,
And Flora crowns the scene.

Fit emblem of that glowing day,
When souls, imprisoned long in clay
Shall burst the dreary tomb;
Bedecked in robes of holy guise,
And borne by saints to Paradise,
Forever there to bloom.

Primeval beauty and array,
The countless herbs and plants display—
And flowers, which court our gaze,
Scent every breeze that floats along,
And blend their fragrance with the song
The "pluming warblers" raise.

Where'er we turn our ravished eyes,
On verdant field or azure skies,
Or look where'er we will—
We see the hand of Him who made
All things, and hath in all displayed
Consummate power and skill.

Since Nature's works, with one accord
Attest the wisdom of the Lord,
Let every living soul
Attune the voice to holy lays,
'Till reverential songs of praise
Resound from pole to pole.

Lord, hasten on the happy time,
When every nation, tongue, and clime
Shall hail Thee, Sovereign King—
And chant thine everlasting love,
With all the happy souls above,
In one *Eternal* SPRING!

A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALTON LOCKE."

"THE merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.

"Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley,
Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

"A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir-woods
One spot in the ley throve rank.

"She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran;
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

"She thought of the dark plantation,
And the hares, and her husband's blood;
And the voice of her indignation
Rose up to the throne of God.

"I am long past wailing and whining—
I have wept too much in my life;
I've had twenty years of pining
As an English laborer's wife.

"A laborer in Christian England,
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's,
For a few more brace of game.

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire;
There is blood on your pointers' feet;
There is blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there's blood on the game you eat!

"You have sold the laboring man, squire,
Body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

"You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
When you'd give neither work nor meat;
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children's feet;

"When packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bridebed,
And the walls let in the day;

"When we lay in the burning fever
On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
At the cursed workhouse door.

"We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?

"Our daughters with base-born babies
Have wandered away in their shame;
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,
Your misses might do the same.

"Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking
With handfuls of coal and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price?

"You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools,
But you've run up a debt that will never
Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

"In the season of shame and sadness,
In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
Are eating your race away;

"When to kennels and liveried varlets
You have cast your daughters' bread,
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

"When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave;
You will find in your God the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.

"She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

"But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill.

WE know the arduous strife, the eternal laws,
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labor without pause,
Even to the death; else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?

WORDSWORTH.

Miscellany.

THE MAY PALACE.

WHEN Alladin raised a palace in one night, whose walls were formed, not of layers of bricks, but of gold and silver, and whose hall, with four-and twenty windows, was adorned with all the riches of the world, he accomplised this wonder by the agency of the Slaves of the Lamp.

Let us consider how many Slaves of the Lamp have been employed in constructing the Palace of Industry—that "fabric huge," which "rose like an exhaltation" in the winter of 1850 and the spring of 1851. From the "first fortuitous liquefaction" of saltpetre among the sands of the river Belus, as mentioned by Pliny, to the production, in three months, of many thousand pounds of sheet-glass, for one building, there have been steps of progress, some faint and many wholly obscured; but which in their results are indications of the general advance of the world in civilization and happiness.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century light was admitted to dwellings through wooden latticework. The houses of the more luxurious had horn lights; but the manufacture of window-glass having been introduced into this country in 1557, a glass-factory was set up in Crutched Friars, London. It was then considered so precious an article, that in 1567 the glass of the windows of Alnwick Castle was "taken down and laid up in safety," when the great Earl was not residing there; and when he came to his castle "the same was set up of new, with small charge to his lordship." Glass was then growing into use for windows; but the fixing of the panes was a rude operation. In 1584, we find that "glass is come to be plentiful;" so that lattice and horn had grown into less use. But the little quarry of the sixteenth century was a very different thing from the sheet-glass of which the Exhibition building is composed. It is not more than fourteen years ago since the manufacture of this peculiar species of glass was introduced into England. The factory which first produced, here, that sheet-glass — a material far superior to crown glass, and far less costly than plate-glass which has given a finish of beauty to the houses of the middle ranks—has made the material for the Palace of Industry, which gives it the popular name of the Crystal Palace. In 1837 there was a difficulty in making this glass of the length of three feet, at all; but, during last year, there was produced in a few months nine hundred thousand cubic feet of sheet-glass, each pane being forty-nine inches in length. The weight of this glass is four hundred tons. In the first year of this century there was less than three thousand tons of window-glass used in the whole of England; hence, the Crystal Palace has consumed as much glass as one-eight of Great Britain consumed in 1801. If Science had not been at work in every direction for the last fifty years—Political, as well as Chemical and Mechanical Science — the four hundred tons of sheet-glass could not have been produced. The Genii of the Lamp were at hand, in the form of skillful manufacturers and wise statesmen. Sir R. Peel, who destroyed the vexatious and burdensome excise upon glass in 1845, is a builder of the palace of industry as truly as the Messrs. Chance, who brought to Birmingham the manufacture of German glass, some ten years before. The actual tax upon the glass used in the great building, previous to its total abolition, would have amounted to very nearly thirty thousand pounds; to say nothing of the greatly increased cost that would have been the result of a continued interference of the exciseman with the manufacture.

The other important material used in the construction of the May Palace, is Iron. The quantity required for it would have astounded our forefathers, The quantity of Iron made in England and Wales in seventeen forty, was estimated at some seventeen thousand tons. To smelt it, charcoal was then employed in the furnaces. Subsequently iron ore was smelted by means of coke, and at the beginning of the present century, a hundred and fifty thousand tons were made. In 1848, above two million tons of British iron were produced. The demand for iron has been constantly increasing since the days of railroads and iron steamboats; but the price has been as constantly kept down by the agency of Science. Ingenious iron-masters employed every resource of chemical and mechanical knowledge to improve the quality, and lessen the cost of production. Labor was more efficiently organized. Improved engines raised coal more economically from the pits; and, sixteen years ago, came the great invention of the hot-blast. The expensive process of converting coal into coke was at once saved. The furnace was supplied with raw coal; and a stream of hot air, equal to the temperature necessary for melting lead, being constantly poured in, the whole process of smelting became one of compartive ease and certainty. The iron bridge of Coalbrookdale was a wonder of the world in 1779. The wonder of 1851 is the iron and glass structure of Hyde Park, with its three thousand three hundred columns, its two thousand two hundred and twenty-four girders, its eleven hundred and twenty-eight intermediate bearers, and its thirty-four miles of guttering tube, all of iron. To have produced this structure at all, by any amount of expenditure, would have been an impossibility a century ago. It is a triumph of energy and skill to have produced what all agree to call a palace, at a less cost per cubic foot than that of a barn.

Glass, iron, and wood, are the only materials employed in the construction of this building—"dry material, ready at once for the introduction of articles for the Exhibition." Science has not, ostensibly, done so much for timber, as for glass and iron; but the influence of knowledge upon production is to be traced here, as in everything which largely administers to the conveniencies of life. Knowledge has been at work in two ways in diminishing the cost of timber; it has lessened the expense of freight and carriage; It has got rid of enormous protective duties. Canada and Norway have been rendered somewhat more equal in the commercial race. We buy our timber cheaper by one-half; we reckon our consumption of timber by an increase of five-hundred per cent. in fifty years.

This, then, is a brief view of the influence of a Lamp, more durable in its effects than that of Aladdin, upon the materials of our May Palace. Let us say a few words upon the labor employed in its construction.

The principle of the whole building — that of a succession of similar parts upon a uniform plan—allowed the very utmost amount of union of forces.—Every piece of iron, or wood, or glass, that went to form a whole, was one of many pieces of similar dimensions. There was no measuring or cutting. Machinery was employed in the preparation of sash-bars and gutters, in mortising, and in rough painting: but in all the operations there were no varying applications of ingenuity — scarcely any manipulation. All the elements of cheap production were thus called into action But the amount of manual labor, in the actual putting together these materials, was enormous, to have accomplished such a result in six months. Herodotus tells us, that the great Pyramid of Egypt employed a hundred thousand men, for twenty years, in its erection. The Palace of Industry will, most probably, be swept away in a generation or two, while another thousand years will leave the great Pyramid unscathed. But the influence of one building and of the other is not to be measured by their comparative duration. The monument of despotism remains, barren as the sands upon which it is reared. We know nothing certain of its construction, beyond the fact recorded by Herodotus, that the food of the laborers cost sixteen hundred talents of silver. The labor employed upon the Palace of Industry, as compared with the labor which raised the Pyramid, is one to two thousand. Yet, which amount of labor will work the greatest amount of good to the human race? History has nothing to tell of the uses of the Pyramid. When history shall record that a Temple of Peace was erected in London, in 1851, to which all the nations brought the trophies of their arts, it will forget that there were amongst us prophets of evil, who would desire to keep the great family of mankind in jealous isolation; and will remember only the grandeur of the spectacle, when every clime, without distinction of government or religion, sent its ambassadors of industry to the capital of the world, to teach and to learn, to give and to receive.

It was a remarkable sight on the morning of the second of April, the last day for the reception of heavy articles for exhibition, to look upon the long line of waggons, slowly moving westward from Hyde Park Corner, to deposit their loads before nightfall. It was more wonderful to behold the varied industry within the building. It is no exaggeration to say that there were thousands intensely occupied, each with his own work of unloading or unpacking. The great struggle was in the centre of the western aisle, where the heavy British articles of models, or machinery, were deposited. In the Foreign department, the allotted spaces were filled with chests, bearing inscriptions in English, French, German, and Italian. Fragments of sculpture, heads and feet of colossal statutes, was spread in wild confusion on the central floor. In the furrows of the glass roof were troops of workmen, repairing the defects of the glasing. Painters hung upon fragile scaffolds, giving their last tints to the massive girders. Bazaars were springing up in the enclosed divisons; and cases were being constructed in the galleries, brilliant with plate-glass, taseful and substantial. Here and there, ponderous organs began to grow into shape, and the heroes and saints of painted glass to receive due form and proportion. The department of machinery appeared a chaos of unshapeable matter, the disjointed skeletons of mighty powers. The agricultural implements alone seemed ready for their work; as if they knew they must be up and doing, at a time when skill alone can cultivate to profit, and busy Science must take the place of lazy Protection.

Another fortnight produces a marvellous change in the aspect of the Palace of Industry. On the 16th of April the artisans of the building are nearly gone. The sod, upon which laden wains were crushing together at the mouth, is floored over. The scaffolds are cleared away. A solitary painter, here and there, is finishing the rails of the galleries; but the structure is essentially complete. It is a wondrous fabric; sublime in its magnitude, beautiful in its simplicity. The venerated elms of Hyde Park are budding in their vast conservatory, and their leaves will welcome our May-day. Singular effects of light are produced by the character of the building; and in the dim perspective of its roofs the prevailing blue shows like an ariel vault. The divisions of the vast area into geographical and industrial departments no longer look cold and formal. The long vista of the central aisle becomes longer to the eye, for the continuous line of sculpture gives measure to the distance. Draperies are covering the partitions of the side aisle, making ready for the display of every variety of textile fabric—from the shawl of Cashmere, to the Bandana handkerchief of Glasgow. Packages are being rapidly opened, and the ponderous chests carted away. The noise of the hammer is still heard; but the workman is now employed in the adjustment of machinery, the fitting of models, or the fixing of counters and glass-cases. In the Austrian division beautiful *parquet* floors of oak are being laid down. In the English, seagliola workers are giving the last polish to their specimens; and ceilings and walls of brilliant paper-hangings are proclaiming our tardy emulation.

Another fortnight brings us the May-Even of 1851.

It is not our province to write descriptions of the "riches fineless" of our May-Palace. Its growth, and the gradual unveiling of its manifold industries, have been suggestive to us of many feelings of admiration of the present, and confidence in the future. It is ennobling to behold any vast coöperation for a great public good. The spirit which prompted this enterprise was generous and noble; the industry which has carried out the scheme is worthy of all praise. But let it not be forgotten that to the Exhibitors belongs the chief collective honor. There never was seen, in the world, such a Museum of the products of industry, and of the instruments of production. It is almost safe to predict that such another will never again be beheld. The cost of the building is insignificant when compared with the expenditure of Exhibitors. The expenditure upon this Exhibition may be valued by hundreds of thousands. Few will derive any immediate gain in money-value from their anxiety and their outlay. It is a generous emulation that has prompted, for the most part, this wondrous display. There have been principles at work beyond what has been unjustly considered the sole attribute of the commercial character.—There is the love of fame—there is the pride of country;—but there is even something more. There is the determination to assert the dignity of labor; to manifest to those who hold that the world is made for the few, that throughout the habitable globe there are the same agencies at work which have given the mechanic of the nineteenth century a greater command of the comforts of life than was possessed by the feudal lord of the sixteenth. Here are the evidences.

We repeat it is not for us to enumerate them. The Shepherd in Homer, when the stars shine clear about the silver moon, beholds the signs that glad his heart; the astronomer catalogues the known stars, and watches for undiscovered planets. We are like the shepherd, in gazing upon the glad signs of human progress. When we look upon the sumptuous furniture that denotes the luxury of the Austrian capital, we turn to the plain school-room desks and chairs of the United States, and learn the comparative importance of the necessities of the humble, and the artificial wants of the great. When we acknowledge that our sculptors (those who have chosen to exhibit here) contrast unfavorably with the bolder artists of France and Germany; or when we see no English carving equal to those of Florence, and no bronzes to be placed in rivalry with those of France, we specially think of the wondrous processes which have sent tasteful articles of utility into the dwellings of the tradesman and the artisan—we turn to our potteries, our electro-plate works, our glass-houses. In comparison with the block of marble from the Grecian quarry, that gave Phidias the material of his Theseus, we can look upon the same granite that formed Waterloo Bridge. If Rome sends her costly mosaics for the halls of princes, Cornwall shows her serpentine and porphyry for the cheap adornment of our common English hearths. Belgium exhibits her richest laces—it is her ancient and proper pride; India brings her silk and golden shawls; Tunis her embroidered tissues; Persia her gorgeous carpets. But here are also the ribbons of Coventry, the shawls of Paisley, the calicoes of Manchester, the broadcloths of Leeds. They are for the comfort and the decent ornament of the humblest in the land. And here, too, are the instruments by which the humblest have been enabled to possess them—the spindles and the looms in their most completed organization. But here are also the scientific instruments which suggested and perfected the spindles and looms; which are the guides of mechanical invention; which regulate its application. Some of the noblest works of mechanical genius are here before us—not mere models, but in all the grandeur of their perfect action. Under one roof may be seen the whole process of a cotton-factory; and a few yards off the great steam-hammer, which forges an anchor, or cracks an egg-shell, with an equal regulation of its power. Here is the hydraulic machine which lifted the mighty tubes of the Britannia Bridge to their high level; and here the Jacquard loom, which can weave such embroidery in an hour as would demand a life-long labor from the nicest sempstress of the Ind. Here is the steamboat engine, which has brought the produce of the most distant lands to grace this first of May; and here the locomotive, which, the proud equal of the steamboat, has given new ideas of time and space to the civilised world. Here, finally, is the paper-machine, and here the printing-machine—the instruments by which all knowledge is diffused and perpetuated—without the prototypes of which, Bacon might have speculated in vain, and Watt have never invented. In the age which has produced the steamboat, the railroad, and the printing-machine—the three powers which are more and more lessening the inequalities of condition, of locality, of laws, amongst the great family of mankind—the assemblage of the Industry of all Nations, and the people of all nations, in the island whose ships bear the products of the earth to and from every port—whose arts, imitative at first, are now models of every form of labor—whose language and literature are spreading over vast regions, compared with which her area is but a speck on the globe,—such an assemblage appears to us a holy tribute to the Parent of Industry, and of all good. For the mighty Spirit of the universe is one and the same in His manifestations—whether He hold the stars in their eternal courses, or work, through the mind of man, to enrich our May Palace with the produce of arts, which even out-worn mythologies, not grossly erring, derived from Heaven; but which a purer religion may teach us to believe are amongst the instruments—in due companionship with pure science, with literature, with "divine philosophy"—by which God is accomplishing the destinies of the human race.

"And what," say some, "is to be a benefit to the visitors of the Exhibition, who are neither artisans nor merchants—who are neither buyers nor sellers,—some of whom think, as Southey proclaimed, 'that the nation which builds on manufactures sleeps upon gun-powder,'—who believe that the age of May-poles might come again, with piping shepherds, and 'knitters in the sun.'" We answer—the enlargement of your minds, and of all minds—that practical education which may teach men to comprehend rightly the past and the present. These are the manifestations of the spirit of an age which is not an age of exclusiveness. These are the works of the heroes of this age. This is *their* May-day celebration. Look upon it reverently. Do homage to the promoters of it, in all love and loyalty. Here is *our* "LADY OF THE MAY." But in this goodly work there is hope beyond performance—hope of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men."

> "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger
> Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
> The flowery May."

Dickens' Household Words.

A NOTE ON "SMALL WORDS."

"And ten small words creep on in one dull line."

MOST ingenuous! most felicitous! but let no man despise little words, despite of the little man of Twickenham. He himself knew better; but there was no resisting the temptation of such a line as that. Small words, he says, in plain and prosaic criticism, are generally "stiff and languishing, but they may be beautiful to express melancholy."

The English language is a language of small words. It is, says Swift, "overstocked with monosyllables." It cuts down all its words to the shortest possible dimensions: a sort of half-Procrustes, which lops, but never stretches. In one of the most magnificent passages in Holy Writ, that, namely, which describes the death of Sisera—"At her feet he bowed, he fell, at her feet he bowed, he fell, he laid down: where he bowed, there he fell down dead;"—there are twenty-two moonosyllables to three of greater length; or, rather, to the same dissyllable thrice repeated, and that, too, in common parlance, pronounced as a monosyllable. The passage in the Book of Ezekiel, which Coleridge is said to have considered the most sublime in the whole Bible—"And He said unto me, son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest,"—contains seventeen monosyllables to three others. And in that most grand passage which commences the gospel of St. John, from the first to the fourteenth verse inclusive, there are polysyllables twenty-eight, monosyllables two hundred and one. This, it may be said, is poetry, but not verse, and, therefore, makes but little against the critic.—Well, then, out of his own mouth shall he be confuted. In the fourth epistle of his *Essay on Man*, a specimen selected purely at random from his works, and extending altogether to three hundred and ninety-eight lines, there are no less than twenty-seven (that is, a trifle more than one out of every fifteen) made up *entirely* of monosyllables; and, over and above these, there are one hundred and fifteen which have in them only one word of greater length; and, yet there are few dull creepers among the lines of Pope.

The early writers, the "pure wells of English undefiled," are full of "small words."

Hall, in one of the most exquisite of his satires, speaking of the vanity of "adding house to house, and field to field," has these most beautiful lines

> "Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
> And he that cares for most shall find no more."

"What harmonious monosyllables!" says Mr. Gifford; and what critic will refuse to echo his exclamation? The same writer is full of monosyllable lines, and he is among the most energetic of satirists. By the way, it is not a little curious that, in George Webster's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, almost the same thought is also clothed in two monosyllable lines:

> "His wealth is summoned, and this is all his store;
> This poor men get, and great men get no more"

"Was Young dull? Listen! for it is indeed a "solemn sound:"

> "The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
> Save by its loss; to give it then a tongue
> Was wise in man."

Was Milton tame? Hear the "lost archangel" calling upon hell to receive its new possessor:

> "One who brings
> A mind not to be changed by place or time.
> The mind is its own place, and in *itself*
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
> What *matter* where, if I be still the same,
> And what I should be; all but less than he
> Whom *thunder* hath made *greater*? Here at least,
> We shall be free; the *Almighty* hath not built
> Here for his *envy*; will not drive us hence:
> Here we may reign *secure*, and, in my choice,
> To reign is worth *ambition*, though in hell:
> *Better* to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

A great conjunction of little words! Are monosyllables passionless? Listen to the widowed Constance:

> "Thou may'st, thou shalt! I will not go with thee!
> I will *instruct* my *sorrows* to be proud;
> For grief is proud, and makes his *owner* stout:
> To me, and to the state of *my* great *grief*,
> Let kings *assemble:* for my grief's so great
> That no *supporter* but the huge firm earth
> Can hold it up: here I and *sorrow* sit;
> Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it."

Six polysyllables only in eight lines!

The ingenuity of Pope's line is great, but the criticism false. We applaud it only because we have never taken the trouble to think about the matter, and take it for granted that all monosyllable lines must "creep" like that which he puts forward as a specimen. The very frequency of monosyllables in the composition of our language is one grand cause of that frequency passing uncommented upon by the general reader. The investigation prompted by the criticism will serve only to show its soundness.—*Notes and Queries.*

IMMENSE NATURAL ICE HOUSE.

IN Virgina a remarkable ice mountain is thus described by a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer:*

"It lies in the vicinity of the North river, a tributary of the Capon or Cacupon, and is sorrounded with hills of some 600 feet in height, while its own elevatioin is not over five hundred. It is a commonplace affair to the casual observer, but, on being inspected, it is found to contain near its summit a kind of natural ice-house built of sandstone. It is subject to the rays of the sun from nine o'clock in the morning until evening, and yet the oldest inhabitant of the country cannot remember the time when an abundance of the purest crystal ice could not be obtained therefrom at all seasons of the year. The ice is imbedded in the rock, and in some of the crevices, snow, friable and crystalline as when newly fallen, is often found even in the month of August. As might be expected, the waters flowing from the mountains are by several degrees colder than those in the neighborhood. Accumulations of ice similar to this have been discovered in other sections of Hampshire county, but none so extensive. To account for this phenomenon upon scientific principles is out of my power, but I can see much plausibility in the following remarks from the pen of C. B. Hayden, Esq., as published in Silliman's Journal in 1843:

"'The solution, I conceive, is to be found in the large and unusual collection of rocks, which, from their porous homogenous texture, are extremely poor conductors of heat. One side of the mountain consits of a massive wall, many hundred feet in thickness, and heaped up against this, as an abutment, is a mass of rocks containing several thousand cubic feet. As the mountain has a general direction from northeast to southwest, the talus heap containing the ice has a northward exposure. The cavernous nature of this heap would admit the free entrance of atmospheric waters, which during the winter would form ice in the interior of the mass. The ice thus situated would be protected from external heat by the surrounding rocks, as ice in a refrigerator is isolated and protected from the external temperature of the non-conducting sides of the refrigerator. The Ice Mountain only requires for the explanation of its phenomena the application of the familiar principle upon which is constructed the common refrigerator, which temporarily effects what the Ice Mountain permanently does — a temperature independent of external causes. This mountain is, in fact, a huge sandstone refrigerator, whose increased and unusual effects beyond those of the ordinary refrigerator, are due to the increased collection of poor conducted materials which form its sides.'"

COMPLIMENTS.

WHEN complimented upon his poetical fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction—some mortifying drawback from the ready-money reputation for which his friends gave him credit. "Yes, it was very humiliating! Calling at an office in Holborn for some information I was in want of, the mistress of the house—a sensible, well-informed woman—invited me to take a seat in the parlor; her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would try to give me the information required. Well, I was in a hurry, as usual, thanked her much, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitatingly asked if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription list. 'By all means:' and putting on my glasses, I wrote 'T. Campbell,' and returned it with the air of a man who has done something handsome. 'Bless me,' said she in a whisper, looking at the name, 'this must be the great Mr. Campbell!' 'Excuse me, sir; but may I just be so bold as to ask if you be the *celebrated* gentleman of that name?!' 'Why, really, ma'am, no—(*yes*, said my vanity)—my name is, just as you see, T. Campbell,' making her, at the same time, a handsome *bow*. 'Mr. Campbell,' she said, advancing a step, 'very proud and happy to be honored with this unexpected call. My husband has only gone to 'Change, and will be so happy to thank you for the great pleasure we have had in reading your most interesting work—pray take a chair.' This is a most sensible woman, thought I, and I dare say her husband is a man of great taste and penetration. 'Madam,' I said, 'I am much flattered by so fair a compliment,' laying great emphasis on *fair;* 'I will wait with much pleasure; but, in the meantime, I think I forgot to pay my subscription.' She handed me the book, and I put down just double of what I intended. When had I ever so fair an excuse for liberality! 'Indeed,' resumed the lady, smiling, 'I consider this a most gratifying incident; but here comes my husband, John, dear, this is the celebrated Mr. Campbell!' 'Indeed!' I repeated my bow, and in two or three minutes we were as intimate as any three people could be. 'Mr. Campbell,' said the worthy husband, 'I feel greatly honored by this visit, accident though it be.' 'Why, I'm often walking this way,' said I, 'and will drop in now and then, just to say how d'ye do.' 'Delighted, Mr. Campbell, delighted! your work is such a favorite with my wife there. Only last night we sat up till one o'clock, reading it.' 'Very tired indeed—very. Have you the new edition?' 'No, Mr. Campbell, our's is the *first*.' 'What, thinks I to myself, forty years ago.' This is gratifying; quite an heirloom in the family.

"'Oh, Mr. Campbell,' said the lady, 'what dangers—what—what—what—you must have suffered! Do you think you will ever make Christians of them horrid cannibals?' 'No doubt of that, my dear,' said the husband triumphantly; 'only look what Mr. Campbell has done already!' I now felt a strange singing in my ears, but recollecting my letters from Algiers, I said, 'Oh, yes! there is some hopes of them Arabs yet! We shall certainly go to hear you next Sunday; and I'm sure your sermon will raise a handsome collection.' By this time I had taken my hat and walked hastily to the threshhold. 'Mr. Campbell! Are you ill?' inquired my two admirers. 'No—not quite—only thinking of them horrid cannibals!' Ah, no wonder. I wish we had said nothing about them.' 'I wish so too; but, my good lady, I am not *the* celebrated Mr. Campbell!'—'What! not the great missionary?' 'No; I am only the great Twalmley!' and so saying, I returned to my chambers, minus a guinea, and a head shorter than when I left them."

The quaint, grave humor with which this was told, was irresistible.—*Life and Letters of Campbell.*

THE MAGICIAN AND THE WIZARD.

THE magician differed from the witch in this, that, while the latter was an ignorant instrument in the hands of the demons, the former had become their master by the powerful intermediation of a science which was only within reach of the few, and which these beings were unable to disobey. In the earlier ages, this mysterious science flourished widely, and there were noted schools of magic in several parts of Europe. One of the most famous was that of Toledo in Spain, nearly on the confines which divided Christendom from Islam, on that spiritual neutral ground where the demon might then bid defiance to the Gospel or the Koran. It was in this school that Gerbert, in the tenth century, is said to have obtained his marvellous proficiency in knowledge forbidden by the church. Gerbert lived at Toledo, in the house of a celebrated Arabian philospher, whose book of magic, or "grimoire," had unusual power in coercing the evil one. Gerbert was seized with an ardent desire of possessing this book, but the Saracen would not part with it for love or money, and, lest it might be stolen from him, he concealed it under his pillow at night. The Saracen had a beautiful daughter, and Gerbert, as the last resource, gave his love to the maiden, and in a moment of amorous confidence learnt from her the place where the book was concealed. He made the philosopher drunk, stole the grimoire, and took to flight. The magician followed him, and was enabled, by consulting the stars, to know where he was, either on earth or water. But Gerbert at last baffled him, by hanging under a bridge in such a manner that he neither touched one element nor the other, and finally arrived in safety on the sea shore. Here he opened his book, and by its powerful enchantment called up the arch fiend himself, who at his orders carried him in safety to the opposite shore. The science of the magician was dangerous, but not necessarily fatal, to his salvation. The possession of one object led naturally to the desire of another, until ambition, or avarice, or some other passion, tempted him at length to make the final sacrifice. Gerbert is said to have sold himself on condition of being made a pope.—Magicians were, in general, beneficent, rather than noxious to their fellow-men; it was only when provoked, that they injured or tormented them; and their vengeance was in most cases of a ludicrous character. A magician of the twelfth century, named Eustace the Monk, who also had studied in Toledo, was ill received in a tavern, in return for which he caused the hostess and her gossips to expose themselves in a disgraceful manner to the ridicule of their fellow townspeople; the latter had shown him disrespect, and he set them all by the ears with his conjurations; a waggoner, in whose vehicle he was riding, taeated him with insolence, and he terrified him by his enchantments. Another necromancer, according to a story of the 13th century, went to a town to gain money by his feats; the townspeople looked on but gave him nothing; and in revenge, by his magic (*arte dæmonica*), he made them all strip to the skin, and in this condition dance and sing about the streets. Sometimes the evil one had intercourse with men who were not magicians; when they were influenced by some unattainable desire, he appeared to them, called or uncalled, and bought their souls in exchange for the gratification of their wishes.—Not unfrequently the victim had fallen suddenly from wealth and power, to extreme poverty and helplessness, and the tempter appeared to him when he had retired to some solitary spot to hide the poignancy of his grief. The circumstance was a fertile source of stories in the middle ages, in most of which the victim of the fiend is rescued by the interference of the Virgin. Sometimes he sought an interview with the demon through the agency of a magician. Thus Theophilus, a personage who figures rather extensively in mediæval legends, was the seneschal of a bishop, and, as such, a rich and powerful man; but his patron died, and the new bishop deprived him of his place and its emoluments. Theophilus, in his distress, consulted a Jew, who was a magician; the latter called in the fiend, and Theophilus sold himself on condition of being restored to his old dignity, with increased power and authority. The temper of men raised in the world in this manner was generally changed, and they became vindictive, cruel, and vicious. It was one of the articles of the compact of Theophilus with the demon, that during the remainder of his life, he should practise every kind of vice and oppression; but before his time came, he repented, and from a great sinner, he became a great saint. We have in the legend of Faust ("Dr. Faustus"), the general type of a mediæval physician. The witch held a lower degree in the scale of forbidden knowledge. She was a slave without recompense; she had sold herself without any apparent object, unless it were the mere power of doing evil. The witch remained always the same, poor and despised, an outcast from among her fellow-creatures.—*Wright's Narrative of Sorcery and Magic.*

PENN'S AMERICAN HOME.

THE front of the house, sixty feet long, faced the Delaware, and the upper windows commanded a magnificent view of the river and of the opposite shores of New Jersey. The depth of the manor-house was forty feet, and on each of the wings the various outhouses were so disposed as to produce an agreeable and picturesque effect. The brewhouse, a large wooden building, covered with shingles,—Penn was not unusued to the good old Saxon drink,—was at the back, some little distance from the mansion, and concealed among the trees. The house itself stood on a gentle eminence; it was two storeys high, and was built of fine brick and covered with tiles. The entrance led by a large and handsome porch and stone steps into a spacious hall, extending nearly the whole length of the house, which was used on public occasions for the entertainment of distinguished guests and the reception of the indian tribes. The rooms were arraigned in suites, with ample folding doors, and were all wainscoted with English oak.—A simple but correct taste was observable throughout; the interior ornaments were chaste, and the oaken capital at the porch was appropriately decorated with the carving of a vine and clusters of grapes. The more elaborate of these decorations had been sent from England by the governor. The gardens were the wonder of the colony for their extent and beauty. A country house, with an ample garden, was the governor's passion; and he spared neither care nor money to make the grounds of Pennsbury a little Eden. He procured in England and from Scotland the most skilful gardeners he could find. . . . The furnishing of Pennsbury was to match. Mahogany was a luxury then unknown; but his spider tables and high-backed carved chairs were of the finest oak. An inventory of the furniture is still extant; there were a set of Turkey-worked chairs, arm-chairs for ease, and couches with plush and satin cushions for luxury and beauty. In the parlour stood the great leather chair of the proprietor; in every room were found cushions and curtains of satin, camlet, damask, and striped linen; and there is a carpet mentioned as being in one apartment, though at that period such an article was hardly ever seen except in the palaces of kings. His sideboard furniture was also that of a gentleman; it included a service of silver,—plain but massive.—blue and white china, a complete set of Tunbridge ware, and a great quantity of damask table cloths and fine napkins. The table was served as became his rank, plainly but plentifully. His cellars were well stocked; canary, claret, sack, and Madeira, being the favourite wines consumed by his family and their guests. Besides these nobler drinks there was a beautiful supply, on all occasions of Indian or general festivity, of ale and cider. Penn's own wine seems to have been Madeira; and he certainly had no dislike to the temperate pleasures of the table.— . . . . The dress and habits of the Penns, at Pennsbury, had as little of the sourness and formality which have been ascribed to the early followers of George Fox as the mansion and its furnishings.—There was nothing to mark them as different to most well-bred families of high rank in England and America at the present day. Pennsbury was renowned throughout the country for its judicious hospitalities The ladies dressed like gentlewomen,—wore caps and buckles, silk gowns and golden ornaments.—Penn had no less than four wigs in America, all purchased in the same year, at a cost of nearly £20.—To innocent dances and country fairs he not only made no objection, but countenanced them by his own and his family's presence. Those gentler charities which had distinguished him in England, continued to distinguish him in Pennsylvania; he released the poor debtor from prison,—he supported out of his private purse the sick and the destitute,—many of the aged who were beyond labor and without friends were regular pensioners on his bounty to the extent of 6s. a fortnight,—and there were numerous persons about him whom he had rescued from distress in England, and whom he supported, wholly or in part, until their own industry made them independent of his assistance. Some of the best pages of his history were written in his private cash books. —*Hepworth Dixon's Life of William Penn.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——CANNIBALS IN BORNEO.—Mr. McDougall, the missionary of the Borneo commission at Sarawak, after giving an account of the erection of a new church at Borneo, proceeds thus: "We have had here for some time an interesting Dyak from a long way in the interior; he says a fortnight's journey from this. He left his tribe on account of a skin disease, 'which,' he says, 'gave him no peace, and puts him to shame in his tribe, as the other men have all clean skins.' He heard I could cure it, and came to ask me to do so; but the case is too inveterate, I fear, for poor Koosoo ever to be cured. He is an intelligent fellow, and gives a most enchanting description of his country, 'in which,' he says, 'there are large lakes and fine mountains, and which abound with wild cattle, deer, and other game, in abundance. But his account of a race of Kayans, who border upon his tribe, is very remarkable, and forms the reason for mentioning him. These people are cannibals, and of all the anthropophagi I ever heard of they seem to be the worst. They are perfect gluttons in human flesh, and prefer it to any other food. They carry attached to their sword-scabbards, a sharp skewer of about eighteen inches long, which, when they have killed a victim, man, woman, or child, they introduce into the flesh, and pass it along the bones of the extremities and spine, working it so as to divide all the muscular attachment from the bones. They then take off the skin and flesh together, beginning at the soles of the feet and carrying on the operation from below upwards, doing it so rapidly that, in a few minutes, nothing but the bones and viscera are left. They take out the brain and cook it slightly in a particular kind of leaf, and consider it the great *bonne bouche* of their abominable feast. When they have cooked and eaten all they want, they cook and smoke the rest, as the Dyaks and Malays do boars' or deers' flesh, and will eat no other flesh while it lasts. Koosoo says, when his tribe go to war, some of these people always come to eat the bodies of the slain. They never kill their friends for food, but always eat an enemy when they can get one—eating all indiscriminately, men, women, and children. But with the exception of this horrible taste, Koosoo describes them as very good people, and as more civilized and clever than the Dyaks. He has lived amongst them once and again, and has always found them kind and hospitable to strangers, and very honest in their trading transactions. He is quite sure they would not eat white men, but would take great care of them. This narrative, which I quite believe, from the perfect simplicity and artlessness of the man, establishes the existence of cannibals here—a fact long disputed. These cannibals are a numerous and powerful nation, governed by a rajah, but religion seems to be at a lower ebb amongst them than even amongst the Dyaks. I am trying to get a vocabulary of his language from Koosoo; it is very different from that spoken by our land Dyaks."

——A SENSIBLE OLD WOMAN.—At the parish church of St. John, Exeter